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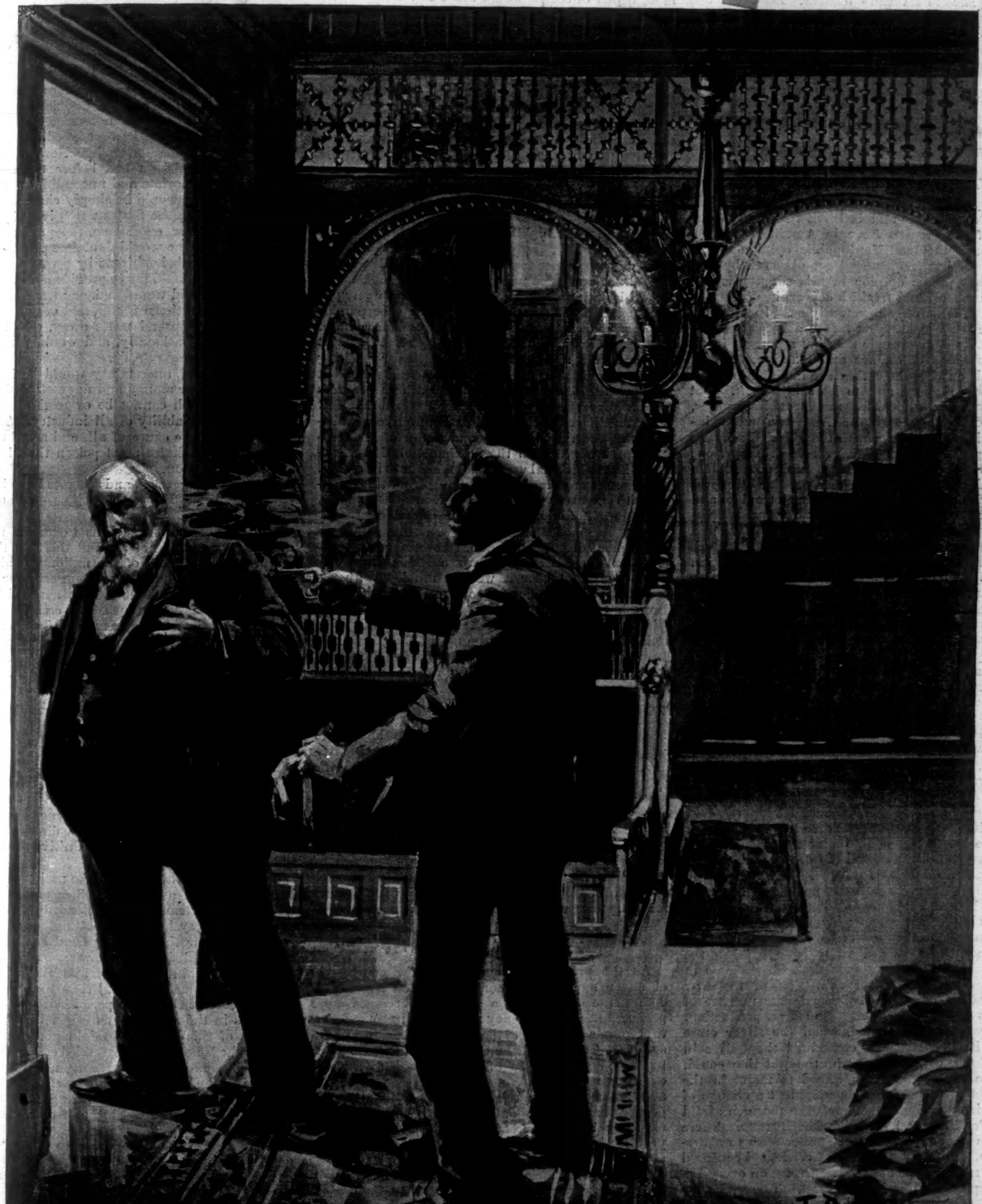

THE ASSASSINATION OF MAYOR HARRISON OF CHICAGO.

The Assassin about to Fire the Second Shot.—Drawn by T. Dart Walker.—[See Page 1088.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY AND THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Harper's Weekly *for the last six months, while not in any way neglecting matters of general interest, presents*

A Continuous Pictorial History of the World's Fair.

The publishers take pride in calling attention at this time to the really remarkable list on page 1087 *of this number, which contains the titles of the World's Fair subjects that have already appeared in* Harper's Weekly. *Each of the last two numbers contained an* Eight-page Supplement *entirely devoted to World's Fair subjects.*

"THE BELL-RINGER OF ANGELS,"

A POWERFUL STORY IN TWO PARTS BY

BRET HARTE,

will begin in our next number.

THE TRIUMPH OF PUBLIC OPINION.

THE repeal of the silver-purchase act is among the most remarkable and brilliant triumphs in our history of the greatest force in American politics. This force is the intelligent public opinion of the country. It has frequently been observed by foreigners that public opinion in this country is singularly unsettled and freakish concerning economic subjects. This is only apparently so. In ordinary times, when the country is measurably prosperous, the majority of the people take but a languid interest in questions of finance and taxation, because, doing well on the whole, they are inclined to avoid unnecessary anxiety, and to let things drift. But when economic difficulties and troubles appear, either local or general, the American mind begins to stir, and to bring forth theories and schemes which, especially when they proceed from persons untutored in economic science, are not seldom fantastical, and, if they gain any popular strength, fraught with mischief. As soon as such troubles and difficulties become critical and press for speedy solution, the popular mind begins to think seriously, and its natural soundness soon asserts itself. Thus we have within the memory of the present generation passed through several "crazes," which, sweeping the cowardly politicians into their current, seemed for a time to be almost irresistibly hurrying the country into senseless and most perilous experiments. But whenever the time came for a final decision, the temporary infatuation was always overcome by the common-sense and honesty of the people, and sound reason prevailed. So it was with the irredeemable paper-money craze nearly twenty years ago, and so it is with the silver craze now.

The silver craze was indeed the more dangerous of the two, because in some respects it was more plausible, and had a great industrial interest and a strong, well-organized, and desperately determined financial force behind it. A great business crisis, keenly felt in all parts of the land, was required to break its force; but when that terrible object-lesson came, the intelligent public opinion of the country put forth its full power, and the doom of the silver movement was sealed. It is true, the obstacles to be overcome in Congress were by no means inconsiderable. Indeed, the House of Representatives, whose members had come fresh from the people, and were more sensitive to the currents of opinion among their constituents, yielded easily enough. But the Senate was full of obstreperousness. There was in it, in consequence of the admission of the new Northwestern States, a disproportionate number of members more or less interested in silver production. There were men who had, when the silver craze showed its first strength, committed themselves in favor of free coinage, and who thought they could, owing to their long terms, afford to maintain the pride of their consistency even against a change of opinion in their States. There were the men afraid of the Populists at home, like Mr. Butler. There were the men with pompous pretensions to statesmanship, and with heads full of crude and confused notions, and a genius for going wrong on every important question, like Mr. Morgan. There were the political schemers, partly Republicans who would have been glad to see the Democrats do something to ruin themselves in the confidence of the people, and partly Democrats who, like Mr. Hill and Mr. Gorman, started out with the purpose that whatever the final action of the Senate might be, it should not be a triumph of President Cleveland.

The most unyielding of these obstructive forces was of course the resistance of the Senators from the silver-producing States, who simply obeyed the impulse received from a powerful home interest. But the most dangerous was the spirit of political intrigue personified in Senator Gorman. Our readers may perhaps remember that at the beginning of the struggle in the Senate we asked them to watch Mr. Gorman with especially keen attention. Although pretending to be in favor of repeal, he from the very start covertly suggested the idea of a compromise to be framed by him, and he never ceased to hope that the difficulties in the way of repeal would rise so high as to leave only the alternative of compromise or utter defeat. To this end he secretly and sometimes even openly discouraged the fight for unconditional repeal by every means in his power, and was always ready to proclaim the impossibility of its final success. It was he who would unite the Democratic party, unite it upon a Democratic measure to be known as the Gorman compromise, which of course would make Mr. Gorman the recognized leader of the Democracy, instead of that stubborn, impracticable President Cleveland. We have repeatedly warned the Democratic party that Mr. Gorman is its Mephistopheles. How plausible his scheme appeared to many unsophisticated minds at a critical moment, and how near he came to its accomplishment in the Senate, are matters of history. Had he really succeeded in accomplishing it, Mr. Gorman would indeed have been recognized as the leader of the Democratic party; but the Democratic party, harmonized upon an absurd policy fraught with infinite mischief, would have been doomed to disgraceful defeat and impotency for an incalculable time to come.

But the force of public opinion, at last rising to its full power, swept away all these obstructions and compelled obedience to the popular will. It warned the political schemers among the Republican Senators that this time the country would have no patience with political trickery, and they gave up the pursuit of party capital at the risk of the common welfare. It obliged even Mr. Hill to put his best foot foremost in promoting repeal, and came very near pushing him into something like a position of leadership. It broke up the alliance between the Southern Senators and those from the silver-producing States in the effort to prevent a vote indefinitely. It tore like a whirlwind through the fine compromise plot of Mr. Gorman, and brought even the inexhaustible Mr. Stewart at last to his final wail of submission to its decree.

If there is any single man issuing from this struggle with great honor, it is President Cleveland. And this honorable distinction is due solely to the fact that he stood there in his high position the very embodiment of public opinion, resolute and unbending. But he too should draw a lesson from this great event, and bear it well in mind. With the power of public opinion he could carry this measure through Congress. Without the power of public opinion he would never have accomplished it by mere political management and the use of the patronage. But with the power of public opinion behind him, political management and the use of the patronage were entirely unnecessary. Senators and Representatives who voted for repeal did so either from conviction or because the will of the people compelled them to do so. They needed no bribing to do what they had to recognize as necessary for their own political salvation. The President has been charged with using the patronage of the government to push the repeal bill through Congress. We shall be glad to believe this charge unfounded. But if it is founded in fact, then he has prostituted his high office for nothing. And the consequences of this evil deed will never cease to plague him. When public opinion pronounces itself less strongly on his side, he will henceforth find the "striker" in his path, and have to pay with plunder for every measure he wishes Congress to adopt.

THE BANK-NOTE QUESTION.

As the prospects become better for getting rid of silver money and money based on silver purchases, the question of a substitute becomes more prominent. Our currency must grow in some form, to accommodate itself to the growth of business transactions. That growth, moreover, cannot take place by the simple process of adding gold to the circulating medium. We are aware that there are able advocates of a reliance on gold imports and gold coinage as the only means of providing for elasticity in the currency, but the solution of the problem is not so easy as this. The bimetallists can say with truth and reason that the gold supply is not sufficient to meet the needs of civilized communities for an expanding currency, if it is proposed to dispense with all credit substitutes for money, or to rely on gold only for the future growth of the money supply. The answer to the bimetallists—and we now refer, of course, to the intelligent advocates of international bimetallism, and not to the silverites who want simply cheap and debased money—the answer is that with a properly guarded system of credit-substitutes, gold can be found, and now is being found, without difficulty, and in ample quantities, for performing the function of a basis and standard in the currency, and for carrying on those international exchanges for which credit instruments can not be used. The every-day domestic currency must consist largely of some form of credit money. We have credit money now in the form of greenbacks, silver certificates and silver Treasury notes, and national bank notes. For the future, as need arises for more, we ought to have bank notes; and we ought to have such legislation on bank-notes as will not only provide for the growing needs of the future, but will gradually take the place of the present government issues, which ought to be got out of the way.

The proposal of the old-fashioned Democrats to provide for the future by simply repealing the present tax on State bank-notes, and so permitting the issue of notes on such terms as the individual States see fit, is bad. It is, indeed, almost absurdly impracticable as a proposal for immediate action. The States at this present moment are utterly unprepared for such a trust—and a trust it surely is. In the thirty years during which State banks have been virtually prohibited from issuing notes, many of the old laws on bank-notes have disappeared. Some States now make no provision at all on the subject; in them any one could issue any notes under any conditions at pleasure. In other States the legislation is so slight as practically to be non-existent. Very few States have still on their statute-books any careful and deliberate legislation, such as New York, Massachusetts, and Louisiana had before the war. The result of the immediate and unconditional repeal of the bank-note tax would be simply chaos.

Even supposing the States were given time to get ready for the new conditions, the proposal would still be bad. Some would doubtless prepare for the new freedom of their citizens by providing a sound system. Some would try to provide a sound system, but would fail, and would make a mess of it. Some Western and Southern States, and very likely some not so many thousand miles away, would be lax, more or less intentionally, and would permit wildcat issues. At any rate, divergence in security and a large degree of uncertainty would be inevitable. Uniformity in our money and unquestioned security are benefits which cannot be overestimated. They are vital to the stability of all industry. The cause of one is here the cause of all, and a bad currency system in a few States must poison the whole commerce of the nation.

It has been suggested, and schemes have been presented before the House Committee on Banking, to repeal the tax on State notes under conditions, making the conditions such as to compel the absolute security of the notes. But this is nothing but a return to the method of the national banking system. Why not retain that system once for all, and broaden the basis of issue for the national banks in the same way as it is proposed to create it for State banks? This is the simple and straightforward policy. It has the merit, too, of avoiding the constitutional difficulties in the way of a conditional repeal of the tax—difficulties certainly as great as those which the old-fashioned Democrats find in the present maintenance of the tax. If a method can be found for securing State bank notes in such a way as to make them safe and sound, a method can be found for national bank notes. The United States bonds, it is true, are limited in quantity and high in price; on the present method the national bank system is too restricted; but something else can be found. The successive Comptrollers of the Currency have presented various schemes, and this is the direction in which Congress should look for a definitive settlement of the currency question.

It must be admitted that if the national bank note issues are given a new life, other parts of the national bank system must be attended to. It is probable that the system does not now give sufficient opportunity for the banking facilities and for the bank-notes needed in the newer parts of the country, especially in the West and South. Perhaps banks with a smaller capital than the present minimum of $50,000 should be permitted; or a system of branches in the small towns might be tried. Some changes of this character might give the outlying regions the benefits of an extended credit system, and so satisfy some real and pressing needs, without endangering the whole currency system of the country. These are questions requiring the careful consideration of experts. They are questions, too, on which it is best to make haste slowly. For the immediate future there is going to be no dearth of currency. On the contrary, in the process of slow recovery from present depression which we are likely to see following the repeal of the Sherman act, there will be an abundance of currency, from the old issues, for some seasons to come. The bank-note question, and the whole problem of banking legislation and methods, can be considered at leisure. Let Congress appoint a commission to consider carefully and deliberately the remodelling of the national banking system, and then let the currency alone. This would be a very satisfactory outcome of the present session.

THE STATE OF THE TREASURY.

In a recent communication to the Senate, Mr. Carlisle predicted a deficiency of $50,000,000 at the end of the current fiscal year, June 30, 1894. This deficiency is a book-keeping deficiency. It does not fully state the exact condition of the Treasury. It does not show with precision the excess of the government's obligations over its resources. There is already a deficiency of more than $10,000,000 if the gold reserve, the subsidiary and fractional currency, and the national bank redemption fund were not counted as Treasury assets. If to these items the balances of disbursing officers were added, the deficiency would be even greater. These items are not really available assets. The small coins are not full legal tender, and the redemption fund for national bank notes is composed of money deposited by banks for the redemption of their notes. It is true that this money has been "covered into the Treasury" under an act of Congress; but it is also true that, notwithstanding this statutory spoliation, the money is not the government's, and must be paid on demand. The balances of disbursing officers consist of funds deposited to the credit of the officers to enable them to pay current obligations.

It is quite likely that the Secretary of the Treasury will need nearer $100,000,000 than $50,000,000 to put the finances of the government on even terms with the world. Importations have greatly fallen off during the last few months. This is largely due to the actual and threatened effect upon exchange of the silver agitation. The final and satisfactory settlement of this was discounted, as the phrase goes, and importations, and consequently customs revenues, began to increase before the vote in the Senate was taken. October was a very good month in comparison with the months that immediately preceded it, and it shows to what state the Treasury has fallen since the end of Mr. Cleveland's first term, when there was a large surplus, that a good month is one during which the revenues fell below the expenditures only about $2,664,000. It may be that now that the silver question is settled, merchants will begin to renew their greatly exhausted stocks. If they do, the revenues from customs duties for the coming eight months may be relatively greater than they have been for the first four months of the fiscal year, so that the deficiency may not be so large as is now anticipated.

It will be great enough, however, and, as Senator Sherman pointed out in the speech that he made in the closing hours of the debate on the repeal bill, something ought to be done by Congress to provide the Secretary with an income. The question whether or not under the law of 1875 he has the power to issue bonds is not a practical one. It may be, as lawyers contend, that the power exists, but the bonds authorized by that act are long-time and high-rate bonds. The bonds bearing the lowest rate, four per cent., would run thirty years. Mr. Sherman contended with great force that no Secretary would think of issuing four-per-cent. thirty-year bonds when he can borrow money for a shorter period and at a lower rate.

Congress, therefore, must intervene, and come to the relief of the Treasury. The country must not repudiate either its public debt or its current obligations. Congress has been appropriating millions in excess of the government's resources. It has been extravagant to the verge of corruption. And now the spendthrift nation is face to face with the problem that sooner or later confronts every one who lives beyond his income. The crimination and recrimination of partisans, the attempts of the Democrats to fix the responsibility upon the Republican billion-dollar Congress, and the efforts of the Republicans to show that the Democrats followed in their extravagant footsteps, do not meet the difficulty. Both parties are responsible, but the present responsibility rests upon the Democrats.

It is not known whether those who have been charged with the duties of legislation are adequate to their task. They were unable, as a party, to relieve the country of the evils following and bred by the Sherman law. It may be that they will be unable to formulate a tariff law, or to bring order and security out of our distracted currency laws. It may also be doubted whether they will give to the Secretary of the Treasury the simple measure of relief that the occasion demands, and that is essential for the preservation and maintenance of the public credit and the national honor. Nevertheless, the country will hold the Democratic party responsible. It is in power in both the legislative and executive branches of the government, and if there is any hint or suggestion of repudiation, it will not soon again be trusted by the country. The American people want their government to be honest, and it will go hard with the party that is unable or unwilling to formulate a measure that will supply the Treasury with the funds needed to maintain the public credit and to pay the public debts as they fall due.

No tax measure will meet the present difficulty. Laws providing for increased revenues may be effective next year and the year after; but the income of this year will come from existing tax laws, and it is not sufficient for the wants of the government. Some temporary expedient must be devised. There is a strong and wholesome opposition in this country to an increase of the national debt. Whatever power is bestowed upon the Secretary, it ought not to include the issue of long-time bonds. At the most, short and low-rate notes should be the extent of the obligations authorized. Probably the bestowal of the power to borrow for pressing needs would do away with the necessity of borrowing at all. At all events, Congress must do something for the Treasury as soon as possible after its reassembling in December.

CHICAGO'S BIG GIVERS.

The immediate future of Chicago is an interesting study for observers. All eyes have been centred upon her now for six months, and in a less degree for nearly two years. Her purposes and her methods of carrying them out have been matters of national moment. It is hardly too much to say that she has been the most important city in the land, and of course she has felt her importance. What will become of her now? Will she drop gracefully down to hard-pan, and become once more a comparatively commonplace big Western town, or will she keep right on, and strive by tremendous hustling to maintain the central and commanding position which was lent to her by the fair? Of course that remains to be seen, but she has given some evidence already that she does not intend to drop an inch farther than she can help. Mr. Marshall Field's subscription of a million dollars to found a museum of natural history may be accepted as an indication of her sentiments. It is proposed to make the museum a memorial of the fair, and perhaps to house it in the Art Building at Jackson Park. Mr. Pullman follows Mr. Field's subscription with one of a hundred thousand dollars, and doubtless before this reaches the reader's eye the entire sum of two millions called for will be made up. What extraordinary givers those Chicago men are! It is exhilarating even at this distance to see the superb confidence with which they back up their town. Other cities get bequests now and then, but Chicago's rich men have not had time to die, and neither she nor they can wait for that. They want to see that investment in actual being. If any Eastern listener is holding his ear to the ground to catch the thud of Chicago's collapse, he might as well get on his legs again and go about his business. There isn't going to be much of a thud. Those amazing hustlers are still at it, and though their tide may ebb a little for a time, it is bound to flow again in due season.

THE IRRUPTION OF "CRANKS."

Asylums for the insane everywhere are crowded to overflowing, but evidently they do not contain all who should be within their walls. The irruption of "cranks" that has followed the assassination of Mayor Harrison by one of the ilk shows that the outside world is still uncomfortably peopled with the insane; for most of these cranks belong plainly to the form of insanity which the alienist terms paranoia—the most subtle, to a layman the most inscrutable, one of the commonest, and by far the most dangerous of mental maladies. Of a sudden these cranks seem to have sprung up like mushrooms everywhere. Yesterday not a paranoiac in sight; to-day you may stumble upon one anywhere. What does it mean?

It means not so much that the cranks have been given a new impetus, as that the sane portion of the community is momentarily alive to their presence. Of course cranks, like other people, do copy after one another, and when one has achieved notoriety by a conspicuous crime, others will emulate his example. But quite independently of any such impetus, the cranks are constantly abroad in the land, perpetrating outrageous deeds hourly. They harass or threaten or amuse their fellow-beings, or, as their mood changes, even shoot them, without exciting especial comment, until the victim chances to be a Mary Anderson or a Dr. Hall, or Russell Sage or Carter Harrison, and then the whole world gives expectant attention, and the hosts of cranks who have been hounding lesser lights unnoticed are suddenly thrust into view. And a general cry goes up, "Why are these lunatics allowed at large?"

The question is pertinent, and fortunately the answer is easy. Dangerous paranoiacs are allowed at large because the public, except in momentary spasms of fear following upon some great tragedy, prefers that they should be at large. It is difficult to keep them in asylums, where they belong, simply because it is easy to find juries that will release them on writs of habeas corpus. Alienists may commit them to asylums; asylum superintendents may receive them there; but both are powerless before a writ of habeas corpus and a sheriff's jury. Any one may swear out the writ, and almost any jury may be depended upon to pronounce the patient sane and competent if his case be not one of actual raving mania. Then people and press will applaud, and it is heralded forth that a "sane man has been rescued from the living tomb of a mad-house." Suits for damages will perhaps follow, and the alienists concerned will be held up to public opprobrium for their iniquitous attempt upon the liberty of a fellow-being. It will seem to occur to no one that the jury, composed of laymen who confessedly know nothing about insanity, might be mistaken, and the half-dozen alienists who have made insanity a life study might still be in the right. A case of the kind occurred so recently in New York that it must be in everybody's mind. Does any one recall a newspaper comment that questioned the verdict of the jury? On the contrary, even the least sensational of journals pointed the editorial finger scornfully at the alienists and asked with crushing sarcasm what they thought of themselves now? Not so very long ago a paranoiac released by a jury from an asylum marched home and shot his sister. Did any one think to call upon the jury for its opinion of itself *now?*

Of course it may be said that Prendergast had never been released from an asylum in this way, having never been committed to one. But he belongs plainly to the class of insane persons who are most frequently so released. He ought to have been committed to an asylum long ago, and very likely he would have been had not alienists learned through experience to fight shy of cases of the kind, which are almost certain to bring them nothing but abuse. Chicago's sad tragedy is made all the sadder by the thought that it might so easily have been prevented. It is well, therefore, to look beyond the crank who committed the crime to the causes that operated to give him such dangerous liberty. It boots little to argue now *pro* and *con* as to the "responsibility" of Prendergast. It matters not what becomes of him, provided he is never again allowed to be at large. But the real responsibility, lying with the populace rather than with the individual, may well be seriously considered. For the moment the lesson is clear to every one. There will be a great shutting up of paranoiacs for a time. But if we may judge from the experiences of the past, most of them will presently be released again, and forgotten until the next series of tragedies brings them once more to view.

OVER-CROWDED POPULATION AND THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

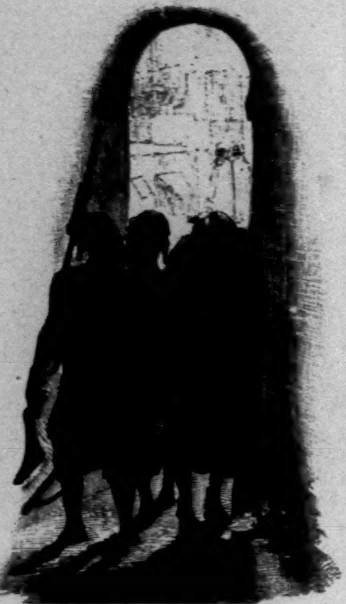
At a recent medical meeting some of our most distinguished physicians discussed the question of the dangers to the public health of New York from over-crowded population. The unanimous verdict reached was that over-crowding as it exists in our tenements is dangerous. This, to be sure, is something that almost every one had all along supposed to be self-evident; nevertheless, it is gratifying to have even our axiomatic beliefs weighed and not found wanting. If no one debated except when some novel point was at issue, the silence would be most depressing. If the old idea appears in a new and moderately pleasing garb of words, we need ask nothing more—or will usually receive nothing more if we do ask it. In the present instance at least one of the speakers fulfilled this condition. He contrasted the death rate for a decade of the tenement-crowded metropolis with that of the neighboring city with its isolated dwellings. Considering chiefly such diseases as are directly contagious and those known to be markedly influenced by unhygienic surroundings, he found that in the case of scarlet fever, diphtheria, consumption, pneumonia, and intestinal disorders the death rate of New York relative to the population has been uniformly much higher than that of the other city, the difference in some cases being really startling. In case of only one disease—typhoid fever—has New York the advantage. This is explained by the fact that typhoid is a disease not directly transmissible from person to person, and one that never originates *de novo*, no matter how unhygienic the surroundings. Its germs must enter the body by way of the mouth, and the source of contagion is almost always the drinking water. New York, it would appear, has a better water supply that Philadelphia. Croton is not perfect, but it is better than Schuylkill.

Water aside, the doctors seemed agreed that we have not much in a hygienic way on which to plume ourselves; at least, not in our tenement districts. But then, as we have hinted, we knew or thought we knew all this before. The really significant question, and the one for whose answer we are anxiously waiting, is one made historic in quite another connection by a former owner of New York: What are you going to do about it? But at this inopportune moment came the silence. One physician did indeed hint that by the "refined methods of infanticide" in vogue—namely, the custom of leaving babies to the tender mercies of unsympathetic nurses, to be slowly poisoned with city milk, prepared foods, and other indigestibles—much was being done to reduce the rate of increase of our native population, and so indirectly the over-crowding. But he intimated that his Fifth Avenue patients were the ones most given to this practice, and spoke incidentally of families of fourteen or fifteen children in the tenements, from which one must infer that the reduction from this source is altogether out of focus, so to speak, and hence not to be depended upon.

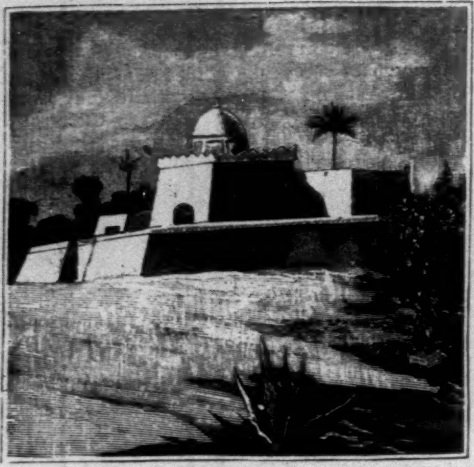
Reference was made also to Mr. Greeley's well-worn advice to the young man. Considered merely as advice in the abstract, this is excellent. But in practice not only does the metropolitan-born young man decline to go West, but the young man whom nature, in anticipation of this advice, has caused to be born in the West, often fails to appreciate this prenatal kindness, and promptly annuls his advantage by migrating to New York, thus adding to the over-crowding.

Accepting the over-crowding as a fact to be reckoned with rather than overcome, another speaker hinted at building laws which should insure more air by allowing the construction of no tenement building more than two-thirds as wide as the building lot, after the Berlin method. But imagine a New York builder submitting to such a law as that! Before this worthy could be evolved to such a stage as that, our mechanical friends will have perfected their air-ships, and city residence will have ceased to be a necessity. And that will be some time in the future.

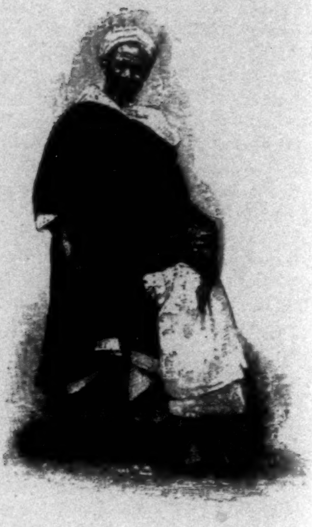
So after the discussion was over, here we were left in our crowded city, amidst dirt and carbon dioxide and micrococci and six-days-old milk, to struggle along as best we might, just as we had been doing all along, with little to console us except that relatively limpid Croton supply. However, even that is something to be thankful for, though it is to be feared that the tenement-dweller is too far removed from the prohibition atmosphere of Maine and Iowa and Kansas and too close to the corner saloon fully to appreciate blessings of this nature.



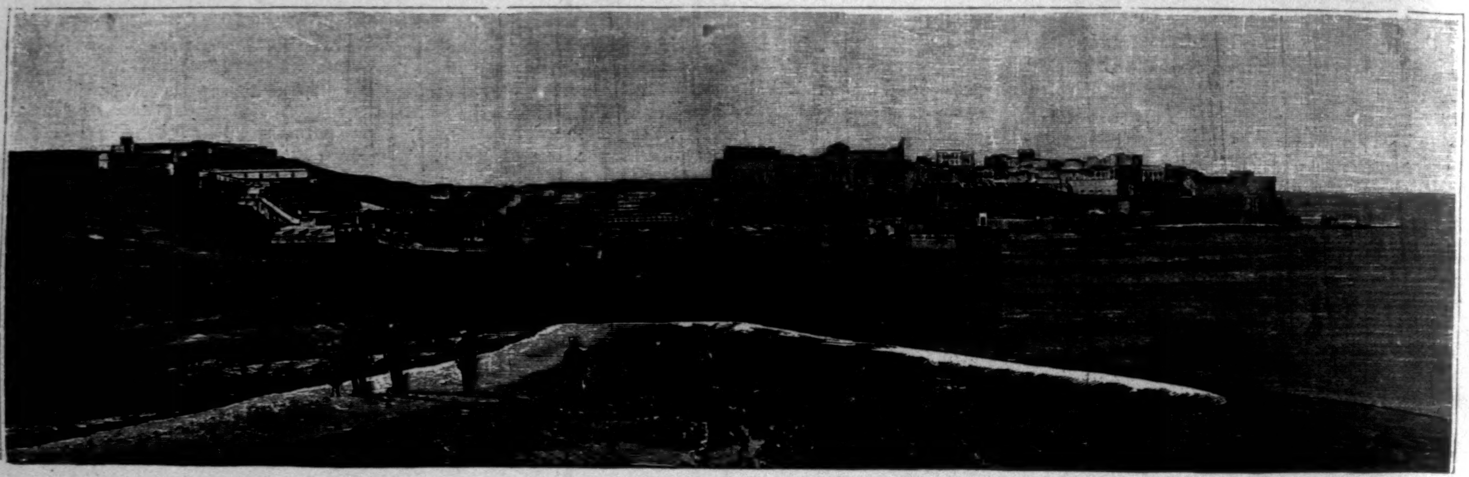
RIFFIAN TYPES.



THE MOSQUE OF SIDI-GUARIAX.
Stormed by the Spaniards in the Fight of October 2.



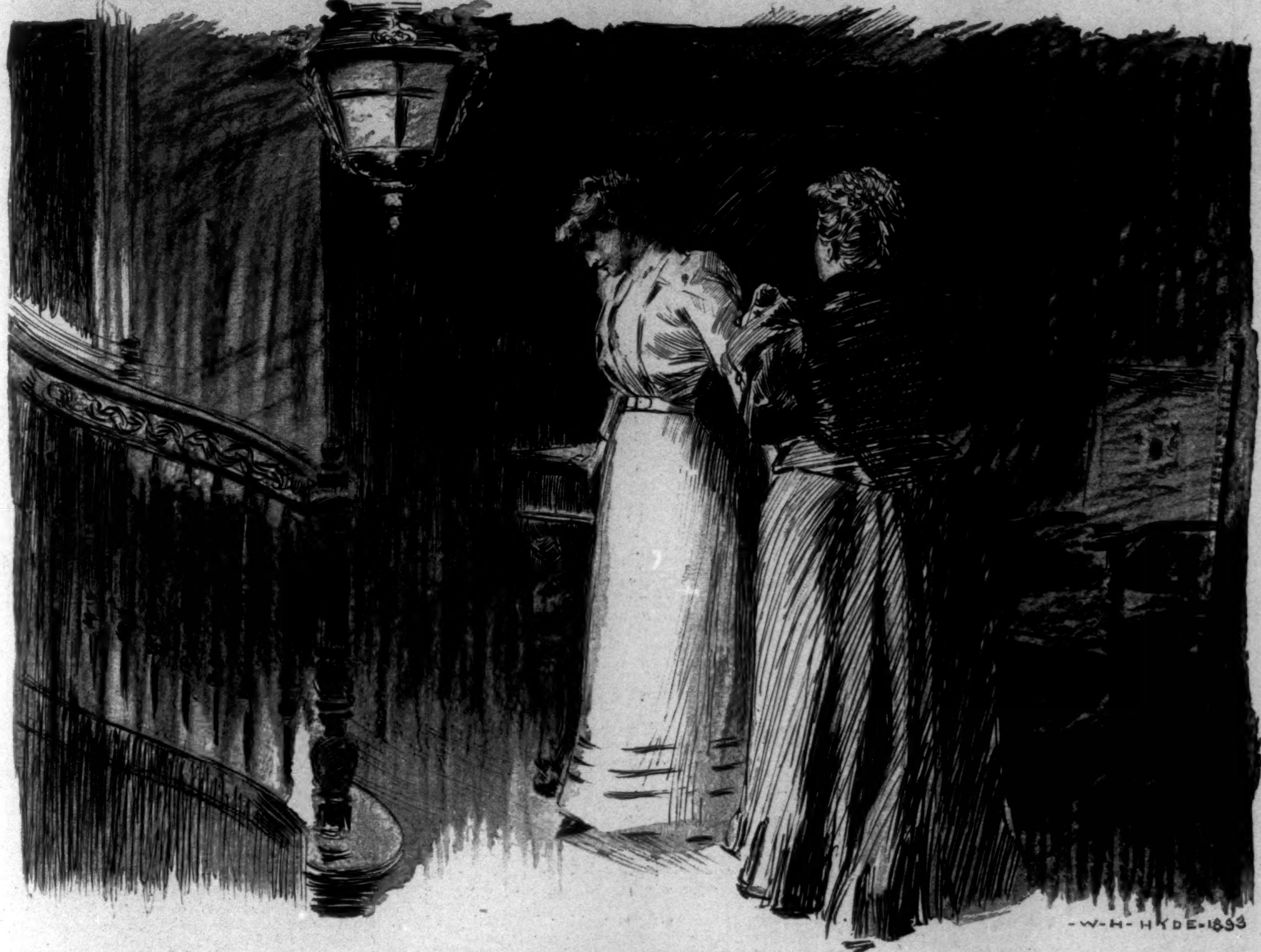
A RIFFIAN CHIEF AND HIS SON.



GENERAL VIEW OF MELILLA.

THE NEW WAR BETWEEN THE SPANIARDS AND THE MOORS.—[SEE PAGE 1086.]

THE "ALGERIAN"—FINALE OF THE SECOND ACT.—[SEE PAGE 1075.]



"'SEE HERE, SOPHIA,' DEMANDED MRS. SLATTERLY, 'AM I AN OGRESS?'"

A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

BY EVA WILDER McGLASSON.

THERE she stood, mute and white, with the lamplight in the hall making her pretty yellow hair look still more yellow. Her whole young figure drooped. She was like a slight pithless flower stalk weighted with the forlorn burden of a single white blossom.

Mrs. Slatterly surveyed the girl with a very distinct sense of annoyance, and as she took in those lax lines, that spiritless air, it dimly occurred to her that perhaps beauty entails on its possessor a certain weakness of character, just as a too lavish output of blossom enfeebles a plant.

Mrs. Slatterly's own determined wrinkles and uncompromising solidity of frame were a sort of negative justification of this idea. She herself had never been pithless and drooping. She had never been handsome, either. Yet she had married to some advantage.

Here was Sophia, her own daughter, a girl who in this Indiana town was called beautiful, who had been away to a finishing-school, who had studied music and art—here was she blanching and trembling, all because the most influential man in the place had asked her hand in marriage.

"It is too absurd," declared Mrs. Slatterly, in the piping small voice which seems a special endowment of large women. "You can have no possible objection to Mr. Claypool. He is only middle-aged, he is not bad-looking, he is a man of notable piety, and he owns more property than any other man in the county. He will make a kind and considerate husband. I never heard that his deceased wife was other than happy."

"I know," breathed Sophia, faintly. A vivid picture of Mr. Claypool rose before her miserable eyes. She saw a tall man with a frame inclining to joints, which made themselves obvious in the limp broadcloths affected by Mr. Claypool. She saw a lean, smiling face, a thin black beard. Mr. Claypool's nasal tones, his habit of haranguing at prayer-meeting, his manner of clearing his throat, these details seemed to give Sophia a spasm of desperate courage. "I never expected to marry a man I didn't care for," she faltered. The plea had an illogical sound. Sophia felt this. To avoid her mother's eyes she looked beyond her at the growing dusk which the open door revealed. It was not quite dark, but gas was flaming prodigally at the street corners. Long unglobed tufts of flame wrapped the heads of the iron standards as with ringlets of fiery snakes.

Further off other standards lifted these smoky crests of orange and crimson. The gas burned unrestrictedly as yet. It was easier to use it than to manage it in the pipes. The town thoroughfares, which only a year before had worn the faint and frugal illumination of occasional dim lamps, now blazed in a perpetual gala attire of light. Even by day it was not uncommon to see weird mists of violet hovering spectrally above the iron posts of street corners.

The mere sight of the outer brilliancy gave Sophia a new pang. The very gas itself suggested Mr. Claypool. He owned many of the wells. And as Sophia's mind took in the full import of his financial merits, and a complete sense of her lack of tangible reasons for refusing him, she felt as if chains were riveting themselves upon her wrists.

"Sophia," said her mother, severely, "your remark surprises me. I—well, it gives me a suspicion. You had better be frank with me, Sophia. If you've foolishly allowed your affections to rest on some one else—" She paused with an excited air. "I—really I must beg you to be frank with me, Sophia!" Her tone was very insistent.

Sophia's face, however, wore the same expression of tranquil despair. Even despair with Sophia had a certain inertness.

"I don't see what difference it would make," she murmured. "Perhaps it would only make things a little worse. No, mother, I have no confession to make. I guess it's just as well that I haven't."

"See here, Sophia!" demanded Mrs. Slatterly. "Am I an ogress? Am I a—a—ghoul, or anything resembling those fabulous creatures? Do you suppose I should ask you to consider Mr. Claypool if you love some one else? You horrify me. I am your mother, Sophia. I ask you again to be frank with me, and tell me just—" She came to a discreet pause, being suddenly aware that her tone was exponential of excited feelings, and that there was a step on the porch outside.

She gave a sigh of relief as a man's figure, appearing in the doorway, disclosed the proportions of Mr. Slatterly himself.

"Good-evening, my dears," he said, not seeming to notice the overcharged state of the moral atmosphere. Indeed, he was used to atmospheres of this nature, being a lawyer whose practice had not been attended with success of a notable sort. His whole manner was apologetic. His mild face reduplicated as with a leathern mask the soft passivity of Sophia's features.

"I suppose you've heard about young Clinton?" he asked, putting his hat on the rack. "There is considerable excitement about it downtown. I'm not sure that they did well to keep it quiet these three days. But his aunt, Mrs. West, is a most conservative person—most conservative."

"What are you talking about?" asked his wife, with connubial directness. "What has he done? You mean Miles Clinton, I suppose?"

"Certainly," agreed Mr. Slatterly, in the conciliatory tone of one addressing the bench. "He has disappeared."

"Disappeared?"

"Most mysteriously. He's been missing for three days. Had they at once sought legal advice, some clew might by this time have been forth-coming. But they did not. Instead of searching for him they examined his accounts. He kept books for the pulp-mill, you remember—a position of some trust. But Clinton's books were found by his employers to be straight—quite straight. So they now judge that he has been foully dealt with. His sole living relative, Mrs. West, the aged aunt with whom he boarded, is certain that he has been foully dealt with. They are going to drag the river to-morrow. He's probably been sandbagged and robbed. There is a very tough element down around the new bagging-factory. If the municipal authority of this town would seek legal advice as to the proper means of dealing with this low and—"

"He was a person of a great deal of method," meditated Mrs. Slatterly. "The last person on earth to disappear."

"If he was sandbagged— You see, my dear, a perfectly irreproachable man may be sandbagged."

"But he never seemed to me the sort of person to be sandbagged," protested Mrs. Slatterly, as she remembered Mr. Clinton's looks.

He had been a tall young man, with a long upper lip, a stiff manner, and a sleek head. He had been inclined to take himself very seriously, and since anything of a gracefully frivolous character was utterly lacking in him, his friends had been obliged also to take him seriously. But though nature had evidently not modelled him with a view to the adornment of light social scenes, Mr. Clinton had been a figure of some moment in the town. He belonged to the ante-gas epoch—a period which, though only a year or so removed, was beginning to take on an air of illustrious antiquity.

To count back to it was to have family distinction. Decidedly Mr. Clinton had been very respectable. He had been progressive, too, and had belonged to the Literary Club and to the Chautauqua Circle. Mrs. Slatterly remembered the last circumstance, because he had sometimes escorted Sophia to these learned gatherings.

"Why, he was here at the house only last week!" declared Mrs. Slatterly, as if contributing a powerful argument against the fact of his disappearance. "Sophia, you remember, don't you, his being here last Thursday evening?"

She faced about, directing her remark to her daughter, who still stood half-way up the stair.

Sophia's face wore a strange look. Her head was no longer drooping, but had an erect poise, as if some stern rigor had passed into the slender neck. Her eyes were fixed. She seemed unaware of the two people in the hall. She did not even appear to notice her mother's question.

"Sophia!" cried Mrs. Slatterly, sharply. She herself had begun to tremble, and her heavy cheeks were paling. Sophia started, and she met her mother's gaze steadily. Then she turned, and, without speaking, went slowly up the stairs.

Mr. Slatterly grasped his wife's sleeves.

"Was there something between her and Clinton?" he questioned. "Good heavens, Martha! why wasn't it told? What did you let me blurt it all out right before her for? How was I to know?"

"I didn't know myself," said his wife, breathlessly. "I never dreamed of anything. I've been scolding her all afternoon because she seemed so blind to the wisdom of marrying Mr. Claypool. Oh dear!" She stayed herself against the wall. "Something she said made me suspect that perhaps—oh dear!—she was just on the point of telling me all when you came in, Henry. I suppose nothing was really settled between her and Clinton—just an understanding."

She went hastily up stairs, and tried Sophia's door. It was locked.

"Sophia, let me in," she besought. "I—I understand all about it, dear. I'm not going to scold you."

There was a little sound within. "I would rather be alone just now," said Sophia.

"Well, dear," said Mrs. Slatterly, feeling awed. In some strange way her daughter seemed to have entered a solemn sphere of passion and sorrow. A majesty of bereavement encompassed her. "It shall be as you wish, my child," said Mrs. Slatterly, humbly.

"I wish you had told me about it all. Then I should not have mentioned Mr. Claypool to you. I will write to him at once, Sophia. I will tell him that it cannot be as he wishes."

"Well, mother," said Sophia, in the same voice. Her tones had a sort of constraint which moved Mrs. Slatterly to tears.

"If she would give way, if she would confide in me, I should feel different," she told Mr. Slatterly.

"I guess she'll feel different to-morrow," said Mr. Slatterly. He had taken his coat off, and he looked round for it. Shirt sleeves appeared a sort of wanton affront to the tragic spirit which had descended upon his roof. "He'll probably turn up before long. I'm not perfectly sure that anything's happened to him. Statistics prove that—"

"I beg of you not to quote statistics," sobbed his wife. "It shows very little feeling, Henry. He was your daughter's choice. I will not sit by and hear him disparaged!"

"But, my dear—"

"No, Henry. Do not attempt to justify yourself. Mr. Clinton's cruel murder may mean little to you. It means everything to Sophia. A first love, Henry. I do not ask you to try to understand what a delicate girl's feelings may be when the assassination of her betrothed is heartlessly related to her—I do not attempt this, Henry. But perhaps when Sophia's health gives way from brooding upon this awful tragedy—perhaps then you'll reflect that it was you who maliciously bore the cruel tidings, and who afterward sought to injure the character of the blameless dead!"

"Martha, I—"

"Let it pass, Henry. Let us hope that Sophia's grief may be as light and passing a thing as you predict. Let us hope that she will feel different to-morrow."

But if Sophia's feelings had undergone any change overnight there was nothing in her manner next day to show it. A stubborn sort of reserve seemed to possess her. She was very calm, but a furtive uneasiness haunted her blue eyes—an uneasiness which, however, found no expression at Sophia's lips.

"You know, dear, that my sympathies are entirely yours," Mrs. Slatterly ventured to remind her daughter. "I'm sure I should have been very fond of—of Miles, as soon as I had got better acquainted with him."

Sophia's brows drew painfully together. "Do not," she said, with an effort—"do not speak of him."

"The suspense is killing Sophia," said Mrs. Slatterly to her husband.

It was the seventh day of Clinton's disappearance, and there was still no clew. The river had disclosed nothing. But Mr. Slatterly, as he heard of Sophia's desperate state of mind, seemed to revolve in his brain an idea he had not meant to communicate.

"I had decided not to mention this to you, Martha, till more evidence was forth-coming. But perhaps I'd better tell you that an old fellow has turned up who claims to have seen Clinton spring on the platform of a moving train—the very tail end of it. His memory is not good, but he thinks it was on the very night of Clinton's disappearance. I sincerely trust they have put the matter into competent legal hands. You will know best about informing Sophia."

"It might waken false hopes," mused Mrs. Slatterly. "But perhaps I might hint around just enough to rouse her a little. She's as pale— And she hasn't any appetite."

"I think you'd be justified in suggesting—not stating, of course; as a legal measure I could not advise the absolute statement of a mere surmise—but in suggesting that Clinton will undoubtedly turn up soon."

Mrs. Slatterly went up to Sophia's room in rather a cheerful state of mind. Sophia sat much by herself in these days. She was listlessly working at a bit of embroidery. At her mother's rap, she started and glanced up with a vague troubled expectancy in her eyes.

The window was open, and the blossomy blue of the June sky leaned low upon a distant line of fields which disclosed a single moving object. This object, as the sun smote it, seemed to be a plough which was being used to turn up clods for a new street. Smoke-stacks rose black and narrow to the southward, all of them breathless, as if no great fires burned below.

"Your father feels real hopeful to-day," hinted Mrs. Slatterly, coming into the room. "He didn't tell me to say anything—but from a word he dropped—I don't know. He didn't just say so, Sophia, but Clinton's friends seem to have got hold of something which makes them think it won't be long till they get word—" Her voice flagged.

Sophia had risen. Her eyes looked oddly dark and big. She thrust out her hand.

"You are saying that to comfort me," she said. "Tell me the truth. Tell me they haven't heard anything—anything. I can hear that best."

Mrs. Slatterly felt scared. "It's really true, Sophia," she faltered. "My poor child, I would not deceive you."

Sophia gave a little sob, the first sound of the sort which her mother had heard on her lips during all this trying time.

"Mother," she said, hoarsely, "your goodness to me hurts me; it hurts me."

And then in some inexplicable way Mrs. Slatterly found herself in the outer hall again, with Sophia's closed door confronting her. Sophia had seemed to motion her to go. There had been a little beseeching touch on her arm, as if Sophia softly swept her from the room.

Not a sound broke the stillness as Mrs. Slatterly paused to listen. Evidently Sophia's small sob had not been the prelude to that hysterical outburst which Sophia's mother half expected. Sophia's sternly calm way of bearing her sorrow made it seem the more tragic. Not a tear, not a word. Nothing but this inflexible restraint, broken only by such startings and tremblings as a haunted thing might have that hears the baying of hounds in the rustling of forest leaves. The very house seemed to be oppressed with a stifling breath of suspense.

Mrs. Slatterly cast the hall door wide, letting in a sweep of yellow sunshine. It was a day of startling clearness, insomuch that the new cement walks stretched away like lengths of white ribbon. Their gleaming expanse was broken in places by spaces, in which the old brick paving still showed a cheerful and unabashed cherry-color. Old houses, well built and plain; new houses, poorly built and pretentious of peaks and paint and porches; outlying factories; green fields cut through with a railway in process of building—these things came dimly to Mrs. Slatterly's confused perceptions. People were passing. Mrs. Slatterly remembered that it was about the hour of noon, and that these human creatures were probably going home to dinner.

A neat little woman in a lilac print gown called out a greeting as she paused outside Mrs. Slatterly's fence.

"How you been?" she asked, surveying the solidly poised old figure with the grim face. "I haven't seen you or Sophia for a week. All well? That's good. Kind of funny 'bout Miles Clinton, ain't it?"

Mrs. Slatterly's eyes grew piercing. "Funny!" she repeated. "I must say I don't see anything very funny about a sad and mysterious disappearance."

"Law, well!" laughed the other; "you haven't heard, then?" She opened the gate, and with small cautious steps came confidentially closer. "He's back," she said.

Mrs. Slatterly's face assumed a wild sort of look. "Back?" she stammered.

"Yes, 'm. And the funny part is that he's brought a wife with him—a little bit of a black-eyed thing. I saw 'em pass in the 'bus. They came on an early express this morning. From what his aunt says, it seems that Miles met her last fall in Texas, the time he was down there on business for the pulp-mill. Case of love at first sight, I guess. Her folks own a ranch down there. It seems that the girl has a step-mother she didn't get along with; and from what Miles's aunt says, things got real serious between the two women. They had a misunderstanding, and the girl she wrote for Miles. I suppose he thought things were worse than they were, for he just stopped long enough to drop a line to his aunt and then rushed off to the train. But the boy he gave the note to never delivered it at all. They say that Miles was completely took back to find what a tow-row folks had been making over him. He thought his aunt would send word to the pulp-mill, and everything would be all right. They say he's completely wrapped up in his wife—little Mexican-looking thing she is! You're looking real pale, Mrs. Slatterly. The heat's real strong out here. Maybe you better go in where it's cool."

Mrs. Slatterly made an effort to speak steadily. "I—believe I will," she said.

The little woman in lilac tripped away. Mrs. Slatterly watched her go. She felt overpowered at the hideous complication affairs were manifesting. How should she tell Sophia? For Sophia must be told, and told at once, of Clinton's perfidy. If the tidings had been a definite assurance of his death, Mrs. Slatterly felt that her task would have been easier. But a wife! A wife! How should she tell Sophia? She moved heavily toward the door, staying herself by the porch rail as she went. Everything seemed as if moving. Strange whirring noises sounded in her ear. A blur of burning crimson appeared to rise before her as she drew herself over the door-sill.

And that—was that a figure rushing down stairs—a light buoyant figure in a whirl of summer muslin? Mrs. Slatterly stared up at it with a sense of dreaming.

Sophia, coming nearer, wore a beaming face whose cheeks were swept with pink. Sophia's lips were smiling; Sophia's eyes— Her mother drew a quick breath.

"Sophia," she said, "listen. Listen to me, Sophia."

"I've heard it all," cried Sophia. "My window was up. I've heard it all. He's back. Oh, mother—"

"Sophia, listen. You don't understand. Oh, I can't tell her! I can't. Sophia, he's—he's married."

"Yes, mother. I told you I heard it all. It's you who do not understand. Mother, I have deceived you. I'm ashamed to say it, but I have. I am a very wicked girl, but I've suffered for it terribly this last week. I couldn't have kept it up much longer. Mother, don't you see how it was? I didn't want to marry Mr. Claypool. And when you said that if I cared for any one else—don't you remember? And just then father came in, and it darted into my mind that if Clinton was dead I might pretend that I'd cared for him. And before I'd considered the idea you jumped to your own conclusions. And afterward I was so afraid he'd come back I began to feel absolutely guilty—almost as if I wished that he was really sandbagged and thrown into the river. And you—oh, mother, when you were so kind and gentle to me that nearly killed me! And when I heard he was back and married, my heart leaped, for I knew then I must tell you everything—"

"Sophia—"

"Everything, mother. For I wasn't going to see you grieve because you thought my heart was broken. Are you angry? Are you, mother? Are you? Oh, don't be!"

She gave a little nervous sob, and flung her arms against her mother's shoulder and hid her face there.

Mrs. Slatterly drew a breath. "I guess I'll be angry after a while," she said, "but just now it seems as if I was more relieved than anything else."

THE LAST DAY OF THE FAIR.

The flags were at half-mast in Jackson Park on the last day—on the great day of victory. There is always a touch of tragedy in the career of Chicago. It is the pathetic penalty of great achievement. In the hour of triumph is the note of sorrow. It seems to be the law that there shall be no success without sacrifice, and it is the sacrifice as much as the heroism that consecrates. The history of this marvellous city is a record of suffering nobly endured, of disasters made the stepping-stones of unexampled progress. Destiny has always some surprise in store for her, and if in the opinion of the world she is the child of fortune, there is the inevitable note of pathos in her life, without which no man and no city is taken to the heart of the world.

It had been planned to be a jubilation. The last day of the finest spectacle this continent has ever seen was to be made memorable by a display worthy of it. It was to end in a final blaze of glory. But on Saturday night the Mayor had been assassinated in his own house. The quick news ran over the town, startling the clubs, adjourning public dinners and public meetings, carrying horror and shame. The official head of the rejoicing city was stricken down by a lunatic—it seemed like a blow of irresponsible Fate—and it was as if the city itself had been struck. In the very moment of triumph came the inevitable tragedy, and the curtain fell to slow music, while the spectators stood with bowed heads.

Yet there is a dignity in tragedy, and perhaps in no other way could the White City have been so impressive in its last hours as in this shadow waiting its fate. It remains in all our minds in its dignity and its beauty. The day was clear, cool, sparkling. Against the blue sky and by the blue waters the white palaces stood out with photographic distinctness. Immense crowds thronged all the avenues and every building, and if they were subdued by the thought that they were looking their last on the great vision, the drooping flags did but emphasize this feeling, and did but express the sentiment of the city so soon to be silent.

And the end was beauty, simple, calm beauty, without noise and without excitement. The setting sun bathed it in color, and the daily miracle was wrought at twilight, while the chimes were rung, of transformation into an unearthly and spectral city. Then, with darkness, the lines of fire ran along the water's edge, along all the cornices and over the domes; the electric beams fell upon the grand fountain, upon the great statues, upon the towers, and the twin electric fountains began their weird and entrancing dances. So the end was in beauty and in dignity and in regret, and one could imagine that when at midnight the city stood alone with the night it was itself conscious of the pathos that is in all the splendid monuments of the genius of men when they pass into history.

Only in the Midway was there another spirit at the end, and some hours of unrestrained revelry gave vent to the semi-restrained exotic and native depravity. It may well have been that the representatives of the barbarous and semi-civilized tribes there, who have contributed so much to our knowledge of the world, were astonished at this final flare-up of a civilized country. Was it a nice example for the gentle Javanese and the vigorous South Sea Islanders? Was it a needed lesson for the past-graduates in all sin from Persia and Algeria and Paris and Egypt and Turkey? But doubtless this low comedy at one end of the great fair sets in high contrast the pathetic beauty at the other end. It was an exhibition of the world, of all that can be so fine, and all that is wilful to be so evil.

The fair is ended, and yet that phrase does not mean anything in Chicago. It is a city which has no yesterday. It does not brood upon the past. More than any other community in this country it is a civic entity, not a mere aggregation of a million or two of men, but conscious of a personality in which is merged the personality of its citizens, as was the case in Rome and in Florence, and occasionally in passionate Paris. In the minds of all its inhabitants is an image of something great, distinct, full of splendor, which is called Chicago—a name which evokes enthusiasm, and almost subordinates personal ambition. With such a spirit nothing is impossible, nothing too exaggerated to be expected and worked for.

That the fair succeeded was enough for Chicago. It had other views than that of being a huckster of the occasion. Its view of what pays is imperial, and it draws on a long future. There was not a regret that the city had sunk five millions of dollars in a subscription, and the citizens of Chicago had sunk five and a half millions in stock. It was quite enough that the debts and obligations were all paid. The ten and a half millions that Chicago contributed was a free-will gift. It liked to read the big figures. The treasurer received from all sources, stocks, bonds, admissions, concessions, $32,796,103. He drew his checks for $30,558,849. And he closed the fair with a cash balance in hand of $2,237,254. The total cost of construction was about $19,000,000. The operating expenses were $6,670,000, making a total of disbursements of over twenty-five and a half millions. The receipts, exclusive of admissions after October 30th, and of salvage, are $10,230,000. From the concessions have been received about $3,800,000, making over fourteen millions. The fair, therefore, falls eleven and a half millions short of paying expenses, and the stockholders would get nothing but for the souvenir coins given by the government, which amount to about $2,430,000. Congress withheld half a million dollars of its appropriation. It is possible, therefore, that the stockholders will get back about a million and a quarter, or fifteen per cent. of their subscription.

When the fair officially closed there had been a total of 21,477,212 paid admissions, and a total of 27,529,400 of paid and free admissions. This total is less than that of Paris in 1889, which was 28,149,353, but the admission fee at Paris was on an average less than twenty cents, while that at Chicago was fifty cents. The Philadelphia admissions in 1876 were 9,610,966. But for the financial panic in the summer there is no doubt that the number of the Paris admissions would have been far exceeded, and that the fair would have been pecuniarily profitable to all concerned.

But aside from the money panic, the midsummer attendance would have been larger but for the ignorance of the country at large of the summer climate at Chicago. There was an idea of the repetition of the heat and discomfort of this season at the Philadelphia Exposition, and perhaps of its bad water and bad sanitary condition. But July and August were in many respects the most enjoyable months at Chicago, and the sanitary arrangements were so good, with an abundance of excellent water, that there was not a healthier watering-place in the country than Chicago. The administration of the White City in this respect shows what is possible in any city. The City of the Fair was clean every morning, because the refuse and garbage were removed every night and consumed in a crematory erected not far from the Forestry Building. The whole refuse of the fair was thus consumed every night, without odor or any disagreeable reminder that the consuming furnace was so near. This is one of the most important lessons of the fair, namely, that any other city can by honest and intelligent management be kept clean. That no other city is kept clean, under our majority rule, is considered a demonstration that the majority of voters do not want either an honest or an intelligent management.

But is the fair ended? Not in Chicago. Nothing is ended in Chicago. Every day is a day of new enterprise. While thousands were thinking "what a pity that this vision of beauty by the lake shore should vanish," those men who make Chicago were already recasting a greater future for Jackson Park. It was in the bargain of the Park Commission that the park should be promptly restored to its condition before the exhibition. But is not a park for pleasure and for beauty, and could anything be created that would be more beautiful than the Court of Honor? Could any park be more attractive than one that could show such buildings and make such a midsummer display? And why should not Chicago have a park that had a unique distinction among all the parks of the world, attractive as much by its architectural display as by its landscape, with museums and halls for music and for expositions—a sort of Venice of pleasure and beauty? Why not keep it for a yearly inter-State summer exposition? The material is perishable, it is true, but the buildings about the Court of Honor and the Peristyle will last for some years with not very expensive repairs, and in time may be replaced by permanent ones as beautiful.

The magnificent picture-gallery is fire-proof, and that at least can be spared; but with what shall it be filled?

The busy brains of Chicago are revolving these things in the last days, and presently it is suggested that the Fine Arts Building shall be a museum, and that the nucleus of its treasures can be secured from the present exhibition. There is not much talk about this; no appeal is made; the hat is not sent round, as it might be for a Marble Arch. The association needs, in order to secure the building and set it up as a museum, the sum of a million and a half of dollars, to be raised at once. The people turning this over in their minds are thinking about Chicago—always about the glory of Chicago. And one of them, Mr. Marshall Field, of the same strain of merchant princes as those who made Florence and Venice, said quietly to his friends, "Here are a million dollars for the museum, on condition that a half-million more is raised." And the thing was done—done at the moment when the flags of the generous and ambitious city went to half-mast in the tragedy that sealed her triumph.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

MODERN COACHING OF MODERN FOOTBALL.

BY J. H. SEARS, CAPTAIN HARVARD, '89.

THE game of American football, as time goes on, is coming to represent more of science, of skill, of careful forethought, and theoretic and practical study, than any other American game. The great variety and the constant change, the fact that no two games, no two plays are alike, lends a certain element of uncertainty to any game that is pretty sure to conceal, from the spectator's view at least, much of the hard work of preparation that has been expended on the teams. You do not at once recognize how much care and attention has been given the men in order to make them capable of dealing with anything that is new, or that may be sprung upon them at any moment of a match.

Most persons watching the Harvard-Yale game of 1892, at Springfield, did not realize what the playing of the so-called flying-wedge, and the checking of it before the ball had advanced thirty yards, really meant. On one side, the Harvard team had given much careful attention to the play under the instruction of Mr. Deland, who in turn had thought the matter out through many an evening half a year before. On the other hand, the Yale men had had such consummate instruction from Mr. Camp and his fellow-teachers that, new and startling as the play was, they stopped it before it had become dangerous.

The play was begun and ended before any one but a few experts had realized anything more than that a spirited and attractive detail of the game had been adventured and checked. And yet the preparation for the play devoted to one team, and the preparation of the other eleven to be ready to receive and deal with anything of this sort, meant a great deal more than mere school-boy athletic practice. To prove this it is only necessary to watch weaker teams all over the country playing the same play this year, when it is no longer a surprise, and to see how easily they carry the ball more than half the length of the field each time.

The development of this kind of theoretical work is where American football is bound to progress, and the head and front of this progressive work rests with the coaches. The game itself is settling down among the other athletic sports as an accepted fixture. It has already done with new rules, but, unlike baseball, tennis, cricket, its very variety makes it full of possibilities which reward the man who takes it home with him and studies it out on paper by lamp-light. This, again, is the work of the coaches, and thus it really rests with the coaches to advance football, to lead it out into new lines, to refine it down year by year.

It was patent to any one who understood the game last year that even big matches can be directed by the coaches from the fair lines. The captain and his coaches understand each other thoroughly by the end of the season, and a common understanding of all the strong and weak points of the team, besides a very accurate knowledge of the opposing eleven, made it possible for the captain to catch his cue from his coach, for the coach to take a general view from the outside, and practically direct the policy of the game. It is not, therefore, a great stretch of the imagination to see in the future a contest of coaches playing an immensely active game, each with eleven men.

This development is all of very recent date, and the credit for its discovery and exposition belongs, without the smallest doubt, to the Yale men. They, with Mr. Camp at their head, began to watch their teams a little more closely as far back as '80, but it was not before '86 that the business of coaching began. At that time Mr. Camp had accumulated a good deal of experience by coming back to the football field each year and helping the captain and his men in every way he could. If a new method for some play were proposed, he was able to check it on the spot by showing that several years before it had been tried and found useless. The captain at most had only known the college game three years, while his coach could bring in to aid him the result of a longer experience. Next year that captain had gone, but the coach had only added this player's experience to his own and that of the predecessors.

This, together with the fact that the coach was older and was out of the excitement that must always hedge round the undergraduate captain, was of immense value, and it showed its results in the increased victories of Yale against Harvard and Princeton. Each year the increasing fund of experience and method was handed down as methods of warfare are in the army, and consequently Yale developed the game each year to a greater extent than the other two elevens, and the latter followed rather than guided the progress.

Gradually, as time went on, the captains and crack players of the previous year or years came back from their different occupations for the months of October and November, and the system acted like a rolling snowball. Each man after being taught the Yale game came back and helped to teach his successor the same methods. In this way Terry, Beecher, Richards, Rhodes, Stagg, Corbin, Hartwell, Woodruff, Gill, Bull, and half a dozen others, all players within the last decade, have helped to coach the teams of the last six years.

The development of individual coaching was a most natural outgrowth of this increased supply. One man had been a typical end rush, or centre, or quarter, or full back, and he felt himself better able to help the team by paying attention almost entirely to the man who was now filling his old place. Other men who had been captains took charge of the team-play of one kind or another, or devoted themselves to the backs or the forwards exclusively. And now each fall there is the remarkable occurrence of a dozen or more men coming together for the last three weeks of the season, and falling at once, without apparent difficulty or dispute, into their several positions, all tending towards bettering the team, all working on the old lines and therefore harmoniously, and all having Mr. Camp, who lives in New Haven and has watched the game more closely than any of them, as a general chief of coaching staff.

The advantages of such a system were too apparent to escape the Harvard and Princeton men, and they both naturally fell into attempts at similar methods, altered in this or that manner as the particular college tradition might require. Of the two, Harvard seems to have perfected within the last three years a more complete system than Princeton. In 1886 there was a distinct break in Harvard football history. The preceding year had gone by without a game, and when Captain W. A. Brooks, Jun., began to collect a team in the fall of 1886, he not only had no old players to call upon, but the game had advanced to such an extent that he could scarcely find a coach who was abreast of the times except C. F. Adams.

Since then, however, a somewhat similar accumulating-of-experience process has been struggling on after the manner of Yale, without, however, a representative to fill the place which Mr. Camp fills at Yale. This naturally did not bear fruit for several years, and it was only in 1890 that it began to show results. The importance of having some amateur who might not only hand down the traditions of the game, but go along himself with them, has been fully recognized, and it is probable that some such systematic work will follow as time goes on. This present year the return of men who have recently played themselves, for the purpose of assisting in the coaching, is in a fair way to rival the university's old athletic enemy, and there can be little doubt of the value of the method. George Stewart is likely to be with the captain as his chief of staff during the entire season, and such men as Cranston, Perry Trafford, Cumnock, Hallowell, Bernard Trafford, Crosby, Deland, Dean, Holden, Brooks, and Harding are likely to be on the field towards the closing weeks of the season, some of them being there now.

Besides the plan of coaching individual players on the one hand, and the general team-play on the other, there is considerable work done toward the close of the season in the evenings by the use of the blackboard, with open discussions over the merits and defects of different plays. Here a play is discovered, planned, and arranged for trial the next day, and on the next evening some one of the coaches, or all combined, have discovered a means for stopping the same play. In the mean time Mr. Stewart tries to relieve the captain of as much responsibility and work as he may, and makes himself his supporter in every way. The result is a material lifting of the weight of responsibility from the captain's shoulders. He has more time for his own play and for estimating the abilities of his men. If this method can be maintained half a dozen years, the Harvard teams will show the benefits in better match play.

Somewhat similar, though altered by the different customs of the college, is the coaching system of Princeton. The old men come back year by year, sometimes more, sometimes less; but though there has certainly been more regularity than at Harvard, there has been little or no approach to Yale's consistent systematic work. Cuyler, Harris, Moffat, have kept in close touch with the teams since their graduation, but until recently there has not been any very clear organization of coaches, where a definite policy was followed year by year after careful discussion upon the merits of the different cases. It must not be understood by this that coaching at Princeton has been lax. Far from it. The mere fact that Princeton has put better teams into the field than Harvard on the average, and quite as good as Yale, with less than half the number of students to draw from, speaks too well for the coaches and their work to suggest that. They have in the past had more graduates to coach their teams than Harvard, but at the same time there has not been that unity, that system, that consistency year by year, that has certainly been apparent at Yale. The traditions of the college have been, in the main, to give the professional trainer a somewhat closer supervision of the men than at either Harvard or Yale. The Princeton trainer is on the practice field oftener, eats at the training-table, and goes about with the team, watching the boys far more critically than at either of the other universities, and on this account the trainer, McMasters, and Robinson before him, has had more authority in different matters connected with strict training and playing than most other professional trainers in the country. Aside from this professional trainer, who has little more than a trainer's duty to perform, there has been no one at Princeton to fill any such position as Camp has long filled at New Haven, or as Stewart is this year filling at Harvard. Yet there can be little doubt of the value of the continual presence of some one man who represents the permanency in an organization that must necessarily be fleeting.

Outside the three most prominent football colleges there has sprung up within three years a natural, but, nevertheless, a remarkable system of coaching among others. Other colleges realized, of course, the supremacy of these universities, and soon argued among themselves that they would do well to secure as teachers some of the graduates of these institutions. The result is that about thirty Yale men alone are this season coaching other college or school teams. It was simple enough to figure out that Princeton, Harvard, and Yale did not really have a different race of human beings. They won over other colleges by large scores, and yet their men were no heavier, often not so heavy, and they certainly did not average any greater strength. The only other place for superiority was in the fact that they knew the game better, and this was because they were better taught. Thus the securing of Yale, Harvard, and Princeton graduates as coaches began. This is now largely confined to Yale men. Bliss is at West Point, Woodruff at the University of Pennsylvania, Stagg at Chicago, Hartwell at Annapolis, and so on. And it has only taken two or three years of this to knock off the scores of the big elevens with the smaller college teams materially. We do not see any more hundred-point scores. Thirty is large to-day; and it is the result of experienced coaching far more than of anything else.

What, then, does a coach really do day by day? That would be a difficult question to answer, because each coach works differently from any other. One man is valuable at the opening of the season; another is hardly useful until the end. One can teach the members of the team to fall on the ball, to tackle, to kick, or to dodge. Another has no ability at this, but is perfect in the last few weeks, when, all the preliminaries having been settled, the whole team needs only to be "pulled together," or the rush-line needs a dash and spirit put into it. Still another can do neither of these, but he can stand all the afternoon on the side lines, and after dinner "size up" the whole team, state its faults, its good points, and give the captain a concise list of what is wanting, and how he may best use his hour or two hours of practice the next day. There may often be another who has an original brain, and can invent new plays which the other coaches will teach the team, and still more men who are invaluable for the faculty they have of keeping down all the hostile elements among coaches, captains, and men which are constantly cropping out. Camp, Stewart, Cowan, Deland, Woodruff, Bull, Cranston, King, Trafford, and Stagg are men who fill one or more of these positions, and they represent the best kind of coaching in the world, probably—in America, surely.

Their work begins with December, with the beginning of a new football year. It is their duty severally to help the captain in his football meetings where games, rules, and dates are arranged. In the early spring they go out with the new captain and watch for valuable material among the new men who are taking part in the spring squad. In the summer they go with a few chosen men to some country place and practice plays and take up new methods, and in the fall, when the great public first hears of them, they are very near the end of their year's work.

As time goes on the requirements in coaching are increasing. It is certain, for example, that a "change of voice" is a capital stimulus to any team. That is, if two or three coaches have been at work upon the team for a fortnight or more, the players may become too accustomed to their voices. Then a new set of coaches, who understand what has already been taught the team, will take charge for the second fortnight, and produce wonderful results upon the eleven. The original coaches returning on the third fortnight, with still other men for the final days of the season, will have a similar effect.

The real work that is being done for American sport by the coaches of the university football teams is of the greatest importance. These men represent as a class an almost typical amateur sporting spirit. Graduates of the teams they are coaching in most instances, they have stimulus enough in their college feeling to preserve the purity of the sport, and by the introduction of scientific team-play they have almost entirely eliminated the fighting element of the game. American football is free from the professional element, and this is due to the coaching. It has few disagreeable features to-day, and this again is due to the coaches, and it is becoming almost the ideal "personal combat" sport of the world, and the coaches are raising its standard year by year.

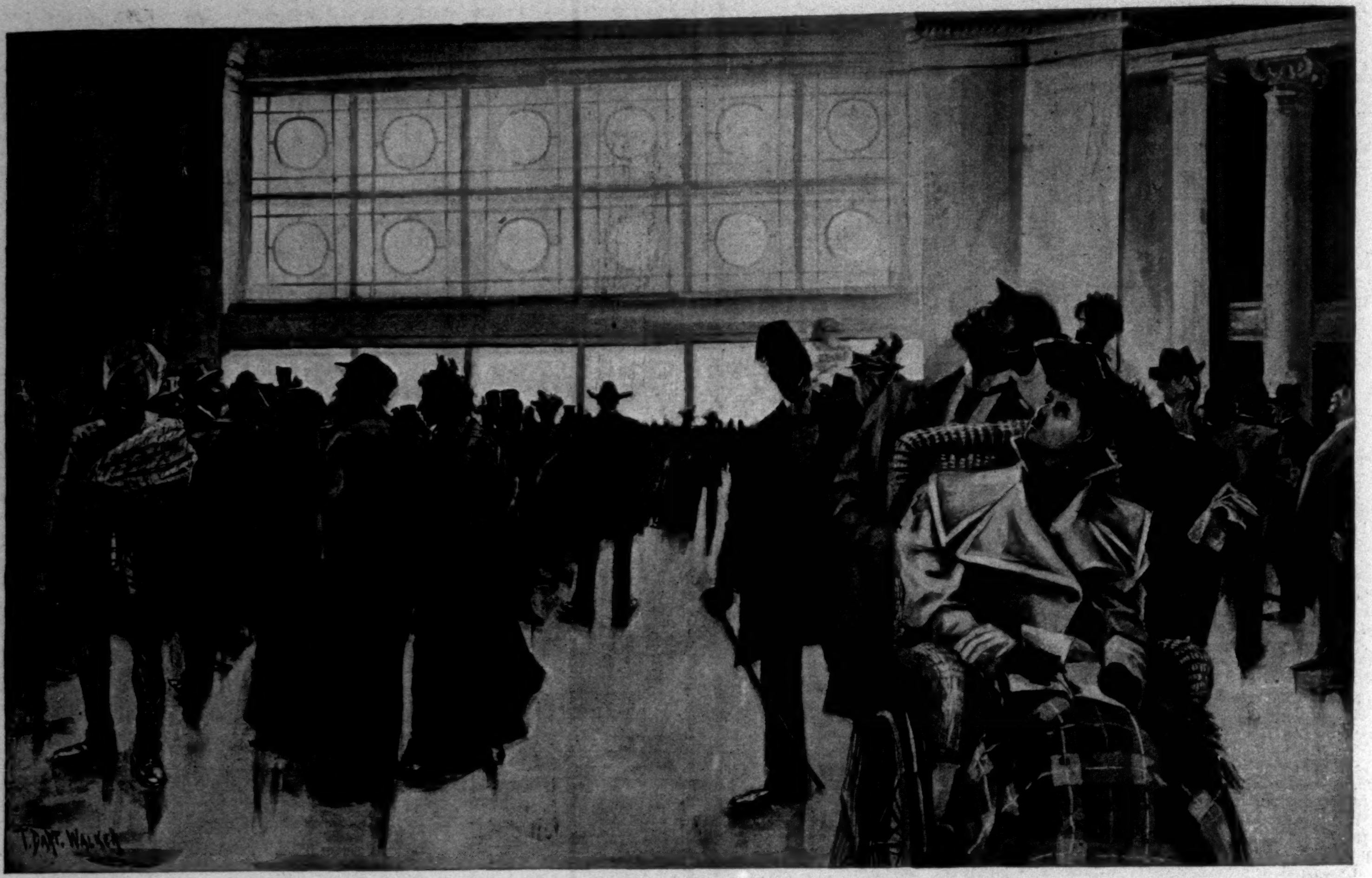
"THE ALGERIAN."

IT is not necessary that the nice distinctions preserved in the musical terminologies of Italy, France, and Germany should be enforced here to explain an expression of regret that one no longer knows what to expect when invited to "assist," as the French say, at the first performance of a "comic opera." Every one who has reflected for a moment on the ambiguity which has seized upon all the terms descriptive of dramatic forms, but more particularly those with which music is intimately consorted, knows that the phrase "comic opera" has come to mean almost anything but logical comedy. Now we may be willing to beg the question whether or not the word opera should be used when operetta is meant, but we ought to settle the point for good and all whether a mixture of vulgar farce, grotesque buffoonery, Bowery hall music, and semi-nudity is to be permitted longer to masquerade under a title which belongs to refined humor, gracious if light-footed music, and kindly satire. It is seemingly too late to rescue operetta from the farcical element which came into it from the French mongrel called *opéra bouffe;* nor would it be necessary to try to do so if our librettists had the sense of refined comicality possessed by Mr. Gilbert. Farcical comedy, as manifested in amusing paradox handled by a high faculty of wit, has from the beginning been his best hold, and Sir Arthur Sullivan's music was never more humorous than when it gave naïve expression to the lines of the book in the same serious spirit that was reflected in the conduct of the stage folk. Unhappily it is become necessary to speak in the past tense of the happily mated English collaborators. They have plainly gone into a decline, and since *The Mikado* we have had from all sources very few exemplifications of what comic operetta might and ought to be. One of the few is the *Robin Hood* of Messrs. De Koven and Smith, which, without reaching the artistic plane of the genial Britons, has yet attested its capacity to divert the intellect, delight the senses, and refresh the spirit without violating decency or outraging a healthful taste in art.

It is pleasant to make public note of the fact that in his latest venture Mr. De Koven has again been conspicuously successful. His collaborator in *The Algerian*, which was produced first in Philadelphia, then in Boston, and finally, on October 26th, at the Garden Theatre in New York, was Mr. Glen MacDonough, one of the clever young journalists of whom the metropolis boasts so many. Mr. MacDonough, in casting about for a subject, hit upon Alphonse Daudet's *Tartarin of Tarascon*, and from one of its incidents borrowed the fundamental conceits for his comedy, the construction of which discloses a most admirable degree of ingenuity and deftness. More adroit handling of a dramatic motive than he has given to the device for unmasking the braggart Tartarin could scarcely be conceived, and the touch of an adept rather than a novice is seen in the delightful surprise provided in the discovery of the murderer of the decrepit menagerie lion, whose skin Tartarin vaingloriously lays at the feet of the supposititious queen of a supposititious hareem.

Comedy is in its nature local, and no device is better justified in providing it with musical integument than what composers call local color. One of Mr. De Koven's ideals in music was pre-eminently represented by M. Délibès, some of whose most delicious strains are saturated with the languorous mood of the Orient. It was to have been expected that Mr. De Koven would make much of the opportunity to emulate his exemplar in this respect; and he has done so—it may be a little too persistently, but the fault can easily be pardoned when there are so many invitations to make the appreciation of eyes and ears harmonize as is the case in *The Algerian*. Besides this, however, he has provided dance music with piquant rhythms, pretty sentimental music of the English ballad order, at least one song with the tender grace of Suppé's romances, a comic song of the "fetching" kind, and a sufficient number of swinging choruses. Altogether his score is a pleasing reality but a fairer promise.

H. E. KREHBIEL.

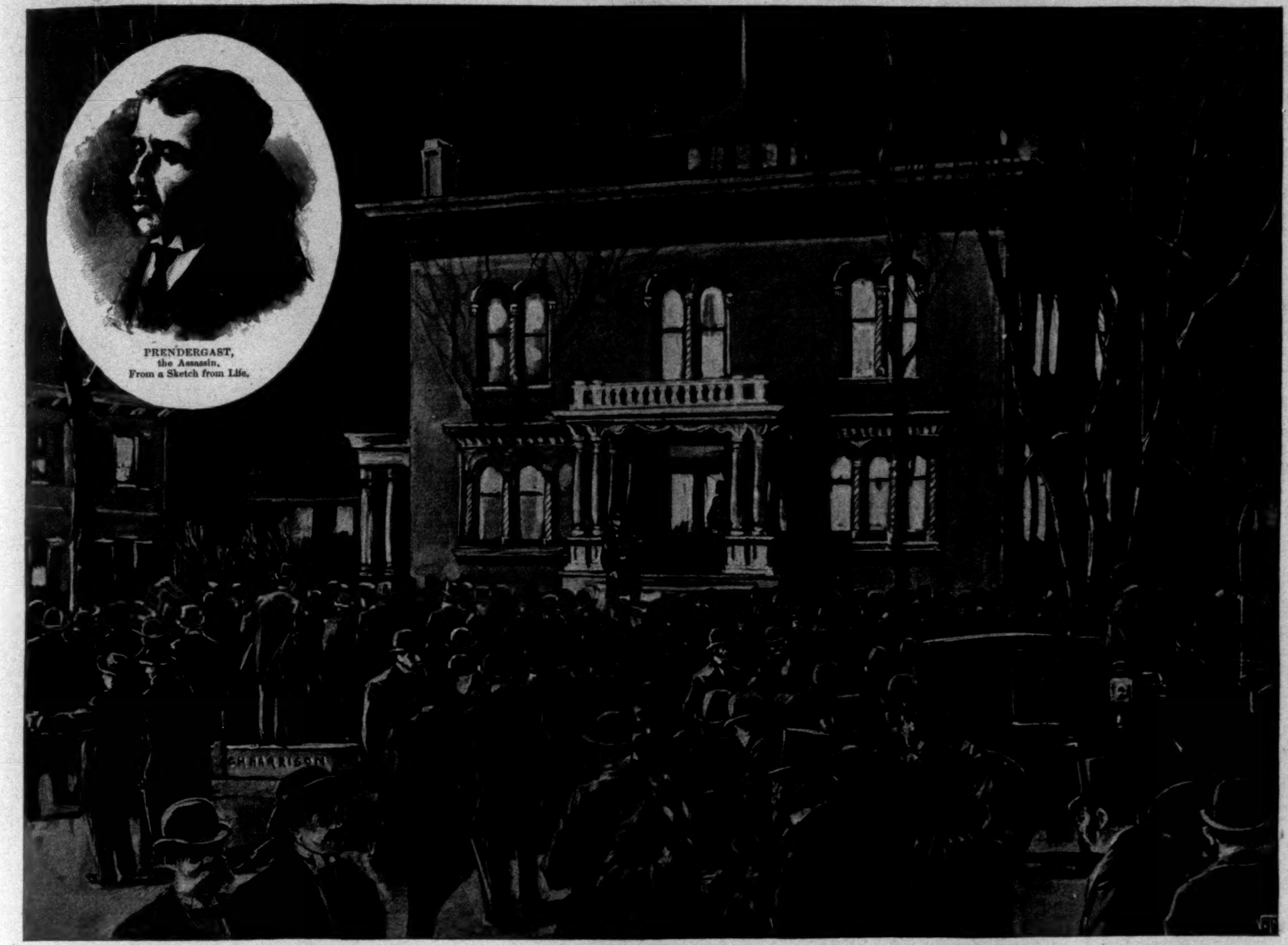


COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.—DRAWN BY T. DART WALKER.

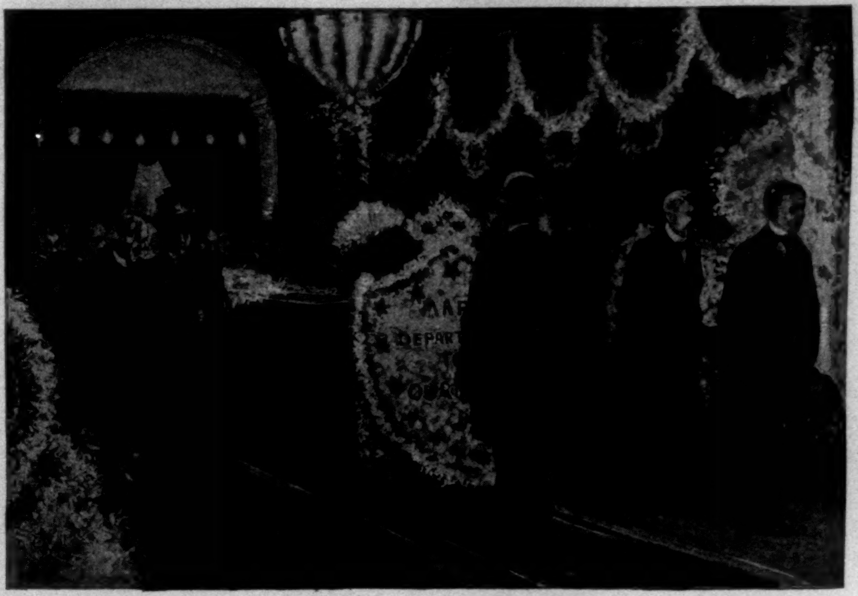
LOWERING THE FLAGS IN FRONT OF THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

FIRING THE NATIONAL SALUTE AT SUNSET.

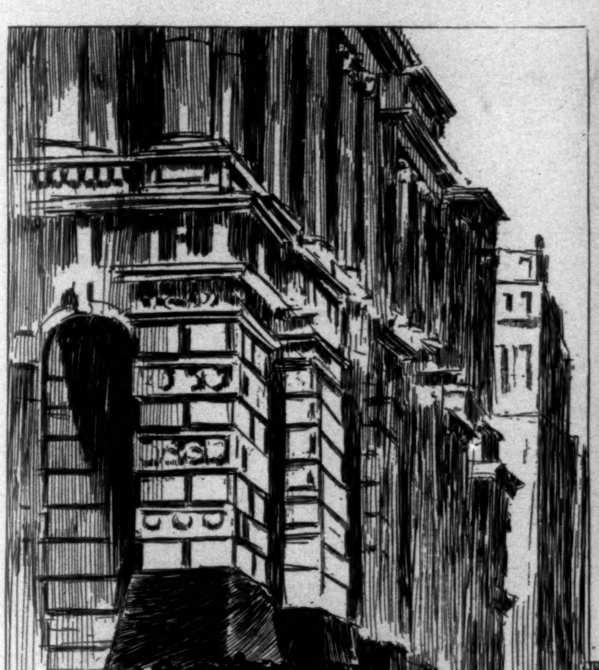
COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE CLOSING CEREMONIES.—FROM SKETCHES BY CHARLES MENTE.—[SEE PAGE 1074.]

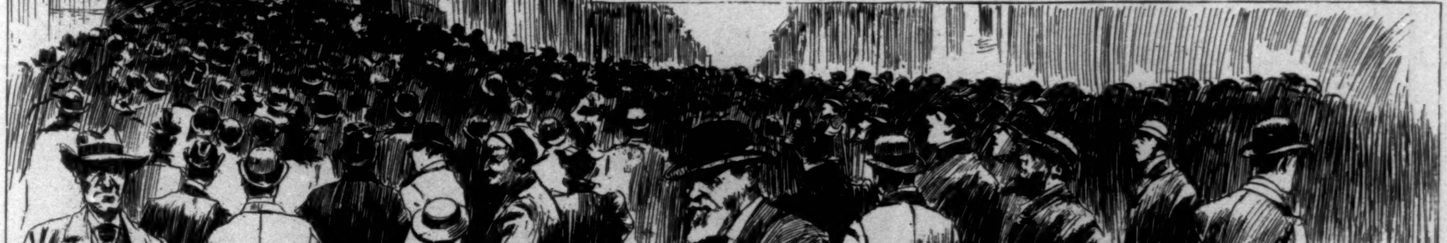

PRENDERGAST,
the Assassin,
From a Sketch from Life.

IN FRONT OF MAYOR HARRISON'S HOUSE ON THE NIGHT OF THE ASSASSINATION.



LYING IN STATE IN THE CITY HALL.





AT THE CLARK STREET ENTRANCE TO THE CITY HALL—CROWDS WAITING TO SEE THE REMAINS.

THE ASSASSINATION OF MAYOR HARRISON OF CHICAGO.

FROM SKETCHES BY CHARLES MENTE AND T. DART WALKER.—[SEE PAGE 1088.]

BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

THE CRANK.

It was an unkempt fellow, with a shock of auburn hair,
Who came to beard me as I sat defenceless in my lair;
He had a satchel in one hand, plumb full of dynamite,
And in his hinder pocket was a box of melinite.

His other hand held firmly a right ugly-looking stick,
With poisoned prickers on it that would make a cobra sick;
And twixt his teeth he held a knife—its edge was very keen.
In short, his aspect it was such as turned my visage green.

I asked him what his business was. He modestly replied
He wanted me to let him have my daughter for his bride,
And sixty million dollars, and a two-four trotting-horse.
And did I run? I didn't! I just answered him, "Of course!

"I'll let you wed my daughter and my cousins and my aunts"—
I had no female relatives and so could take the chance—
"And 'stead of sixty millions, since the sum, my friend, 's for you,
Suppose we make it more; let's say an even eighty-two?

"A nickel on account to bind the bargain is the thing,
And you can have the lady when you've bought the wedding-ring;
And while we're getting in the gold from brokers and from banks,
I'll draw a draft on Bonner for his trotter Nancy Hanks."

The fellow looked me in the eye, and laid his weapons down;
He bit the nickel viciously, as cockneys bite a crown,
To see if it was genuine and not a counterfeit,
And then passed gayly down the stairs and out into the street.

And I am now possessor of a bag of dynamite,
A poisoned club, a bowie, and a box of melinite,
Which cost a nickel only, so that, far as I can see,
The crank is not so profitless as he is thought to be.

And I would say to millionaires, and others who are scared,
In days like these 'tis well that all for cranks should be prepared.
Lay not up stores of pistols; for the case they rarely serve
So well as does one nickel and a little bit of nerve.

John Kendrick Bangs.

THIS·BUSY·WORLD·

Benjamin Jowett, dead, figures as one of the most eminent Englishmen of his time. Thousands of tolerably well-informed Americans never heard of him while he lived, but since his death the literature of him has so abounded that not to know about him now is to argue one's self particularly obscure. Even his lineaments, which only an exceptional American would have recognized six weeks ago, have become as familiar as—say, Matthew Arnold's or Renan's. He is a delightful person to know, even after his death, which, by-the-way, one of the correspondents says, really took place two years ago, when he had a fatal illness, the termination of which was postponed. Andrew Lang says of him, "He is mourned by more friends, perhaps, of ranks and ages more various, than any other man of his day." Mr. Lang himself is one of his sincerest mourners, though he says: "He said to me, in undergraduate times, 'Don't write as if you were writing for a penny paper.' It seems to have been a form of original sin."

England produces delightful things now and then, and the Master of Balliol seems to have been one of her most admirable products. He was generally accepted as the representative of the best spirit, the highest learning, and the most successful teaching that has been developed at Oxford in the last half-century. He stood for the best that Oxford had. No living American whom I can recall represents university education in America as he represented it in England. Professor Norton probably comes the nearest to it. No doubt there will be a book about him presently, and if it is worthy of its subject, and brings one into close relations with him, it ought to be a liberal education to read it. The great beauty of him seems to have lain in the circumstance that profound cultivation of his intellectuals never impaired the action of his heart. If he desired to know all things, and attained to something like the realization of that wish, it seems to have been in order that he might have more to share with learners, and in him the ardor of acquisition never crowded out the ardor of disbursement. He spent himself continually all his life long, and died, as Mr. Lang says, one of the best-loved men in England.

There was an American scholar and teacher who was perhaps at least as good to know as Professor Jowett, and with whom it has just begun to be possible to cultivate a posthumous intimacy by reading his letters. But who thinks of Mr. Lowell as a scholar or a professor, and not rather as a poet and a citizen? His labors in his vocation are forgotten in admiration of his success in his avocations. But as the student of intellectual life in England during the Victorian age must know Jowett, so the student of intellectual life in America during the same period must know Lowell. And so, too, the student of political life must know Curtis, that other scholar and illustrious citizen, whose name that of Lowell always suggests, and whose letters and speeches will quickly follow Lowell's from the press. These are three good men to know; and for all that there are such marked differences between them and between their tasks and their development, they have this much at least in common, that all three will interest the same class of readers, and that each in a different way demonstrates how and why it is worth while to be a scholar.

The *Outlook's* recent portrait of Mr. Charles A. Dana does him injustice. It gives an effect of rubicundity to the end of his nose which is not the case, and fails to convey the benignity of his expression. Mr. Dana is a much prettier man than the *Outlook* makes him out. Its portrait of him is too much like what one would expect to find in the *Evening Post*, if the *Post* dared trust itself to have portraits.

Mrs. Amelia Barr thinks that "whether literary women will marry more frequently in the future depends upon the mental elevation of the coming man." Perhaps it depends on that in some degree, but not so much as it does upon the perpetuation of the prejudice against bigamy. So long as monogamy continues legal and stylish, literary women will only marry on the average about once each, as at present. The only class of professional women whose matrimonial frequency seems really likely to be affected by the mental elevation of man is the actresses. Perhaps if the coming man's mental elevation is pretty high, a single husband will go farther than at present, and actresses and Terpsichorean artists will not have to marry so often as now. A woman who has a settled home, as most literary women have, cannot swap husbands without great annoyance and disarrangement of domestic affairs; so the average woman usually prefers to keep the husband she has, even though he may be inadequate. But actresses live unsettled lives anyway, and can change husbands with comparatively little inconvenience or disturbance to their belongings. Yet even for them such shifts have been found to have drawbacks, as witness the familiar dramatic proverb, "Three divorces are as bad as a fire."

A contemporary paragrapher remarks,

> "Marshal Macmahon will be longest remembered for his famous words uttered before Sebastopol, 'J'y suis! j'y reste'—I am here, here I shall stay."

Presently they will be raising a monument over Marshal Macmahon's bones in France, and then that famous reply will be the particular inscription that they will wish to carve upon it. And then there will be trouble, as is obvious. A certain man once proposed a jack-pot. But a moment afterward circumstances were such that he felt compelled to exclaim, "This is my receptacle, but I am not in it." Which was a clumsy exclamation, but better on some accounts to carve upon a tomb than Macmahon's "J'y suis! j'y reste!"

No one who cares anything about the army has a good word to say for the law passed during Secretary Proctor's administration of the War Department which limited the term of service of private soldiers to ten years. So far as appears, the law strikes officers who have watched its results as one especially suited to damage the service, and drive out of the army the particular material which makes the best soldiers. If a man does make a good soldier, and likes the business well enough to wish to stick to it, it is hard to imagine what possible gain there can be in driving him out of the army, so long as his efficiency continues. Men are not climbing over one another to seize the chance to enlist. The pay of a private is small, and his duties are rather onerous, unless they happen to be to his taste. There is no obligation to turn him out so as to give some other aspirant a chance. It is to be hoped, then, now that Congress is really doing something again, it will follow General Schofield's recommendation and remove the legal restriction upon re-enlistment.

It has been reported that since his retirement from the priesthood (or pulpit, is it?) of the Episcopal Church, Mr. Henry A. Adams has been writing plays, and now rumor has it that two of his dramas have been accepted by Richard Mansfield. Mr. Adams is full of various talent, and certainly has shown decided indications of dramatic ability. There has been much speculation among his friends as to the direction his energies would take, and this may be the solution. But to write gives scope to only one side of Mr. Adams's gifts. He has been used heretofore to speak his piece as well as to compose it. And it need not surprise any one if he follows the same course with his plays.

The Christian Home for Intemperate Men, which is established on the corner of Madison Avenue and Eighty-sixth Street, sends word that the hard times have so affected its resources that it lacks the funds necessary to carry on its work. Mr. Bunting, the resident manager, writes that the depression in business has compelled many of the regular contributors to the home to withhold their usual yearly gifts, and has also caused a falling off in the number of patients who can pay for their support, while the number of applicants who can pay nothing continues as large as ever. It is irksome to be an intemperate man at any time, but when the times are as bad as they are now, it is intolerably inconvenient and distressing. For the first time in sixteen years the home on Madison Avenue is hard put to it to meet its expenses, and any help that it may receive from readers of Harper's Weekly will be exceedingly welcome, as well as very worthily bestowed.

E. S. Martin.

OUR COMING DEFENCES.

"We fortify in paper and in figures."

The great city of New York, like a frank and honest man, lies open to the assaults of its enemies. Quite three million people dwell upon and near the waters that surround Manhattan Island, and on the busy tongue that stretches out at the southern end of the land is wrought the gain which means to these three million what they enjoy of comfort and luxury, and to many even existence itself. And yet the wharves to which is tied the commerce of the world are lapped by waters that are not yet frowned upon by the appliances of the modern art of defence. They, and the rich stores of wealth behind them that have been garnered these two hundred and fifty years, are not so well protected as was the original New Amsterdam by the Dutch fort at the Battery. But the assertion that a modern maritime city is not so well protected as a Dutch trading-post of the seventeenth century cannot be taken literally. Measuring the strength of the defence both of the elder and the younger time against the force of the attack, the power of the ordnance, the velocity of the projectile, measuring the materials of war of the two periods against one another, and the Dutch fort would stand intact against the English cannon longer than our present antiquated granite structures would hold out against the high-power gun of the latter part of the nineteenth century. This statement is not to be taken as of scientific accuracy, but it is illustrative of the manner in which the arts of fortification and gunnery have advanced. The target has not kept pace with its enemy.

In 1664, however, as now, men had a good deal to say as to how the battle should go, and as men did then what cannon could not accomplish, so doubtless the courage and mind of man would now work out the defence of the gunless, fortless harbor of New York. Ships exist, war and otherwise, and men to sail and fight them. So long as there are explosives in the country, and so long as we have tug and other boats in the East and North rivers, and so long as Yankee ingenuity retains its cunning, New-Yorkers need not fear actual capture; but if war should come—and war has been, within two years, very near to us—our preservation would cost us very heavily, not only in the dollar which is the traditional object of our worship, but in human life and human misery and suffering.

This is not a preachment nor a warning. The work of defending New York has begun, and the time for urging upon Congress the duty of recognizing the necessity of keeping the jewels of the country in a strong-box has passed. Congress has been convinced, and has started out on the expenditure of many millions of dollars that will enable the army and navy to protect the metropolis against the assaults of a foreign foe much more effectually than the task could be accomplished now, and at a much less cost. The plant for defence, to apply a despised term of commerce to the noble and gentlemanly art of war, is very expensive, but it does not begin to compare with the expense of resistance without the tools of war. It is probably true that the wars of the future will grow more and more infrequent, owing partly to the greater danger and expense of war, and partly to the growing spirit of civilization, and the growing obliviousness to all arts, including war and poetry, but the humanizing art of traffic. Fighting with modern ships and modern ordnance, with smokeless powder that leaves the vision of the killer unobscured and destroys the artistic atmosphere of a battle-field—such fighting means not only killing and maiming and the loss of property to both the contending parties, but it means, more than all else, the disturbance of trade, and the interruption or diversion of the beneficent tides of bills of exchange and of bags of gold.

It is one of the curious features of the great metropolis which is the home of millions, and the bread-winning place of a million more, that so little is known about its outposts. You may easily find men who do not know that the noble Hudson River is, after its flood, burdened with the sewage of a hundred villages, and there meets the hundred *cloacæ* of the great metropolis. There are many thousands of the inhabitants of this great city, which, among all the cities of the country, is distinguished for its lack of local pride, and conversely, as a matter of course, for its lack of local prejudice—there are many thousands of people in this strange city who do not know its shores, and who, if by chance they take an occasional excursion down the bay, or on the East River as far as where Throgs Neck and Willets Point oppose one another, wonder at the sights they see, and ask strange questions concerning the identity of the islands and shores by which they pass.

And most of all they wonder at the gray-stone structures that come suddenly upon them, and startle them by their unaccustomed lines, their embrasures, their old-fashioned cannon pointing out at an imaginary enemy, to whom they could do no manner of harm unless he were good enough or foolish enough to come conveniently near.

"And what is that?" asks some old citizen, who heard of forts when the war was going on, but who has never dreamed of them as permanent adjuncts of a great city.

"Why, it must be—bless my soul, it is a fort! There are real guns!" And so he blinks at the feeble old stone walls of Schuyler, pride of engineering art in the good year 1833, and at the big-breeched innocent Rodmans, and wonders why it is that the mendacious press can dare go on talking of the defenceless condition of the country in the face of such stalwart structures as that, and that other at Willets Point, especially when the latter warns the enemy in very large letters that he must not anchor if he does not wish to be blown to atoms by torpedoes.

It is a pleasant and gratifying thought that war is very far from the consciousness of the every-day American citizen. Very few people object to this agreeable phase of the national character; but those few are deserving of our commiseration rather than our condemnation, for they are the men whom we have educated to do our fighting, and whom we deprive of their occupation and its resulting advantages by declining to get into a fight. Still, the country has a good deal of the fighting spirit left in it, and very recently, in a perfectly causeless quarrel, even some of the plain people began to show their teeth in a way that made the valiant and the ambitious glad and the judicious grieve.

Far out in the harbor of New York, where the channel broadens into the ocean, the incoming stranger sees a long stretch of sand, and when the ship passes the northern end of Sandy Hook she turns into a great bend of water flanked by the hills of New Jersey, and sweeping around this horseshoe curve, she presently comes to the Narrows, where the shores of Long Island and Staten Island approach each other so closely that no wholesome and trustful imagination doubts that the old-fashioned giants were constantly stepping over. This is the southern gateway to the inner harbor of New York, which lies within, fair and broad, and as hospitable to commerce as our tariff laws will permit.

And at this point are what were once formidable forts. Hamilton, Townsend, Wadsworth, are the more modern structures, while older than these is the dismantled, burned-out brick structure called Fort Lafayette, once the enforced abiding-place of rebels and their suspected sympathizers. Down at Sandy Hook another work was once begun, but was long since abandoned, and there are testing-grounds for modern guns. This will be the exposed frontier post of whatever new system of defence will be constructed at this entrance to the harbor of the chief city of the country.

The Narrows is not the only gateway to the harbor of New York. At the end of the East River is another gate, guarded now by old Fort Schuyler and the work at Willets Point. The enemy's fleet could sail down the broad and beautiful Long Island Sound, to the injury of our fair city, and from one of several coverts might shell the town to our discontent. For nearly ninety miles this beautiful waterway affords an ample bosom for the floating of a hundred ships. At its eastern entrance are Fishers and Plum islands, and here some day forts and turrets and mortar batteries are to be constructed for the purpose of preventing an enemy from laying waste the fair country that borders on the Sound, and from capturing and destroying the important harbors of New London and New Haven.

Near the New York end of the Sound this great body of water narrows, and the channel makes its way along the Long Island shore. At Sands Point it runs between the two light-houses at the Point and on Execution Rock, and when it passes Stepping Stones and comes to Willets Point and Throgs Neck the Sound is only three-fourths of a mile wide. Here is the other gate through which an enemy's fleet would be obliged to make its way if the ships were to anchor directly off the wharves of the city.

There are several innocent fortifications on the Sound between Plum and Fishers islands and the innocuous works at Throgs Neck and Willets Point. In the report of what is known as the Endicott "Board on Fortifications" it is somewhat humorously asserted that the entrance of the New London Harbor "is defended by Fort Trumbull and Fort Griswold." The character of Fort Trumbull as a work of defence is in perfect harmony with the single battery of artillery that is maintained at that post. Excellent men are the gunners of the United States army, and the officers of that arm of the service are an honor to their profession. But, after all, a captain with thirty-five or forty men cannot accomplish very much beyond keeping the walks clean and the grass on the parade-ground reasonably short. Of course, in case of necessity, the fort could be filled up with regulars and volunteers, but even then it would bear the same relation to a modern fort as the battery of the army to-day bears to a well-equipped and effective battalion.

As to Fort Griswold, it is not garrisoned. It is like a good many others of our old-fashioned structures for defence. It is of no use to any one except the military satirist, and to him it furnishes an opportunity to air his indifference to the real military conditions of the country, and to the uselessness of simply maintaining an idle pageantry. The old ordnance sergeants who are scattered about among the various archaic forts of the land lead a solitary existence, but they have comfortable homes in the deserted structures, shelters for their families, and pastures on the parade-grounds for their peace-loving cows. Their contentment and their feebleness, so far as the power of waging war is concerned, are no more incongruous behind such walls as those of Fort Griswold than the walls themselves.

"New Haven Harbor is defended by Fort Hale," continues the narrative of the Board on Fortifications. This is a fort which is not even known to the army, and its name does not appear in the official list of posts. It is one of the few earthworks that scarred the Atlantic seaboard during the last war, and that now help to recall the names of once dreaded Confederate cruisers, swift and deadly allies of the protective tariff in driving the American flag from the ocean.

The important bays along the Sound and near New York are on the southern shore. There the enemy would find plenty of water, good anchorage, and in every way an admirable vantage-ground from which he would be able to drop his shells into the metropolis. Huntington, Oyster, and Hempstead bays can be entered at low tide by vessels drawing eighteen feet of water. In these bays a fleet of large and small vessels could find shelter, and could leisurely bombard the city; while below the other gateway to the harbor, that at the Narrows, the enemy could take a position in thirty feet of water near Coney Island, and within eight miles of the Navy-yard, and shell Brooklyn and the lower part of the city.

It is not the great cities alone, however, that the government should consider in preparing for the defence of the coast against a naval attack. The towns and villages along the Sound would now be at the mercy of a hostile fleet, and, from east of Willets Point, Flushing, Whitestone, and a number of other small places would be within range.

This description of the approaches to New York indicates the defensive positions that the government must take in order thoroughly to protect the principal part of the country. There must be works and guns to prevent the enemy from shelling the city and the towns in the neighborhood, and there must be other works at the two gates that will prevent his entrance into the inner waters of the harbor. In the first place, the object of the defending force will be to keep the enemy beyond the point whence his guns can reach the city, and to make the effort to capture the place or to exact a ransom very expensive by destroying one or more of the ships of the attacking fleet.

As a rule, bombardments are not so destructive as the uninitiated would naturally suppose them to be. The English ships at Alexandria played havoc, but they had a free field and a direct fire. When the bombardment of Petersburg was in progress during our own war, most of the Union army's shells dropped harmlessly in the streets, and the women of the city became so accustomed to them that they went about on their shopping and visiting missions comparatively undisturbed. Indeed, a Confederate artillery officer tells me that these women were more accustomed to being under fire than the troops, who were partially protected by bomb-proofs. When this artilleryman visited Petersburg, on one occasion, he was struck with wonder at the coolness of the women on the streets. Apparently they had no fear of the shells which he was dodging in trepidation. They had learned by experience the very small percentage of damage done by these missiles.

The bombardment of New York from off Coney Island or from Hempstead Bay would be an inconvenience to the people who desired to go on doing business, but it would not be nearly so harmful as one might suppose from reading the accounts of the tremendous distances travelled by projectiles, and the marvellous penetrating power of the modern shell. The ships stationed at this distance would be firing at an unseen mark. The direction of the city would of course be known, and the guns would be so directed that the shells would fall within the limits of Manhattan Island; but that is all. A few years ago, in an article on the Artillery School at Fort Monroe, published in the WEEKLY, I described the great jubilee shot fired from a 9-inch gun at Shoeburyness, England. That shot travelled more than twelve miles, and the trajectory was shown in the article. In the picture a ship was placed at the angle of firing, and the roof of the Stock Exchange at the angle of incidence. Thus was indicated what might happen, not what would or was necessarily likely to happen. In the first place, the angle at which the gun was fired was about forty degrees, and with present devices the angle of firing from a floating platform cannot exceed twenty degrees. This is the first objection that will occur to the professional gunner ashore or afloat, soldier or sailor. But to the hopeful mind whose imagination is beginning to grasp the infinite possibilities of inventive genius in the field of ballistics and its correlated subjects this is a small and insignificant difficulty. The mind that conceived and the cunning hand that wrought out the ordnance of our time are not yet stilled. On the contrary, success has stimulated them to still further activity, and the high-power gun will yet have its platform, on land and on sea, from which it may be fired at any angle.

Granting that it may be so fired, however, the firing at long range must be in the dark, until Edison or his sublimated successor shall invent a means by which the eye can follow an electric wave as it traverses space and penetrates fogs, brick walls, or whatever obstacle may stand between the gun and its target. Still, there is probably a long distance in time between the invention of the gun platform and of the optical electric instrument, and the enemy of our generation who undertakes to bombard New York from a distance must be content to shoot out into space in the hope of hitting something of value and importance. But he will not have the target in sight, so that his shells may fall in the middle of Central Park or in the street. (The chances are very great that shells fired at New York from a distance and in a general direction would bury themselves in the streets, and would cause great disturbance in such underground works as our sewers, water and gas pipes, etc.) This suggests that a bombardment would most likely work most harm by smashing a water-main or breaking a gas-pipe. The bombardment might also destroy some of the familiar architecture of the city, and in time it would undoubtedly be wise to buy off the attacking fleet with a good round ransom; but the ransom paid for relief from a long-range bombardment need not be nearly so large as to greatly inconvenience our millionaires. Every day's delay would reduce it by millions, for delay would increase the risk run by the enemy of the construction of some ingenious and effective device that would ruin some of his costly ships.

The real damage from an attacking fleet will be done by the direct fire of the high-power guns. If the enemy should succeed in passing through either one of the two gateways to the harbor, the destruction of the city would be a matter of very short time. With his heavy guns trained directly on the buildings of the town, he would knock them down block after block with so many successive shots. The great value of the high-power gun consists in the enlargement of the dangerous field. A 12, 10, or 8 inch gun could be fired without any perceptible elevation from a vessel anchored off the city in the East River or the North River. The huge projectile would easily travel through a block of ordinary business or dwelling houses, scattering about death and destruction. The question of how long such a bombardment could be stood by the commercial metropolis of the country may be left to those who will be compelled to foot the bills.

The force of a modern projectile is something awful. Not many months ago a gun was fired in England, and the penetration of its shell, even in this day of much literature on the subject of modern ordnance, must astonish the untutored mind. This gun was very large, 110 tons, larger than any made in this country, and larger than any successfully made in England. Nevertheless, the ordnance officers of our army and navy are sure that they can manufacture guns as large as this one, and that they will not disclose or develop the defects that have made the great guns of England useless. There is every reason, based on their successful achievements in the making of guns, why their expectations should be accepted as within the range of probability. There is really no room for doubt that a 110-ton gun will soon be made in this country. The very gun of whose performance I am about to speak is evidence that the English makers will eventually overcome the difficulties of their problem.

This gun, with a charge of 960 pounds of powder, sent a projectile weighing 1800 pounds into a target especially made for the experiment. The projectile went completely through 20 inches of compound armor, 8 inches of wrought iron, 20 feet of oak balks, 5 feet of granite, and 11 feet of concrete. It stopped in the brick beyond this concrete. The brick was 6 feet thick, and the projectile opened cracks entirely through it.

This is the kind of gun that would play upon the buildings of New York if the ships carrying them could get within such a range that they could fire directly into the city. But it would not be necessary, in order to work great damage, for an enemy's fleet to enter the harbor through the narrow gateway. A fleet stationed near Coney Island, for instance, would effect the destruction of a great deal of property in South Brooklyn.

It is necessary for the protection of the commerce entering and leaving the port that works should be established as far out as possible. When it comes to driving off a blockading fleet, the navy of course must be depended on. So we shall have works on Sandy Hook and somewhere on the Coney Island shore, while there must be eventually mortar batteries and other fortifications on Plum and Fishers islands.

The modern fortification is expensive, but it is very substantial and enormously powerful. The moral effect of the situation will exercise a wonderful influence in causing a foreign power to hesitate, and to wait for the last moment for the ultimate cause of hostilities, before hazarding an attack upon a well-defended city. For first-rate guns and good gunners can make a place for which nature has done next to nothing almost impregnable.

In the first place, the modern ship represents a very large investment of money, and even the richest nation cannot afford to unnecessarily risk $5,000,000 or $6,000,000 worth of property that is liable to be absolutely wiped out of existence by a single well-directed shot. There is no battleship afloat or projected that is sufficiently strong to resist the projectile of the guns that are now being manufactured for the United States government in the workshops at the Washington Navy-yard and at the Watervliet Arsenal; while as to the decks called protective, they offer practically no resistance to a shell dropped upon them. Protective decks, as shown in our own experience with the *Philadelphia*, cannot be made very heavy without affecting the stability of the ship. War will never again be undertaken without such a careful counting of the cost as would have been considered, twenty years ago, an indication of national cowardice.

The first question that arises in establishing defences is as to their character. Shall they be floating or land defences? New York is being provided with both, although there was a tendency in determining this important part of the problem, on the part of each of the two branches of the military service, to exaggerate its own importance. There have been naval officers who would rest the protection of the coast mainly, if not altogether, on vessels. Coast-defence vessels there must be, as a matter of course, and for some of the smaller ports of the country they will be the main dependence. Vessels for warfare are of all kinds, and we shall doubtless have an abundance of harbor-defenders like our double-turreted Monitors, and of submarine boats, torpedo-boats, and stanch battle-ships.

The naval spirit of the country has been aroused by the gigantic preparations that were made in anticipation of a scrap with Chili, that by the utmost stretch of imagination could not have been dignified into a war. There will be plenty of war-ships. The only doubt is about the land fortifications. A mortar battery or a turret does not fill the eye of the beholder so completely as does a well-manned and beautiful ship, nor can it go cruising about the world, gladdening the patriotism of American tourists by a vision of the flag and a suggestion of national power. But nevertheless, land fortifications are not only useful but necessary means of defence, and now that the work of constructing them has begun, Congressional niggardliness in the matter would be a very grievous mistake.

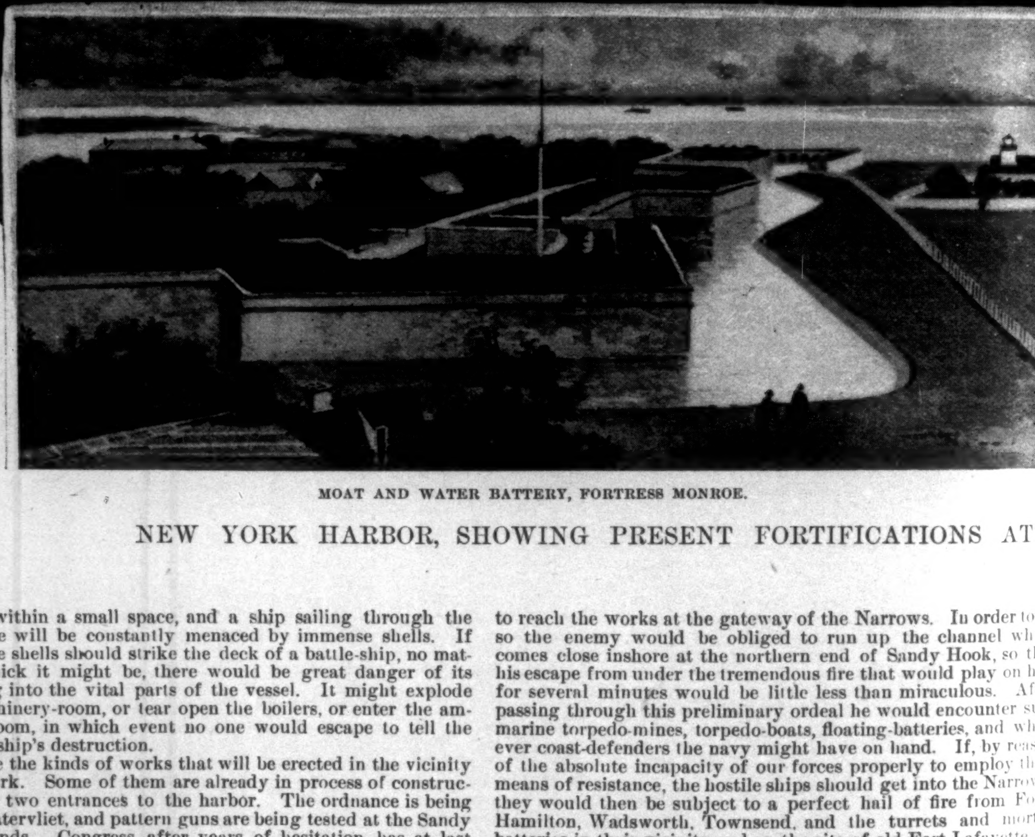
There is a good deal to be said in favor of land defences for great harbors. In the first place, the first cost of a coast-defence vessel is about three times as much as that of land works. Moreover, her maintenance is very expensive when she is in commission, while the chances of her destruction in an engagement are very much greater than those of a land work. Then, again, the land works are always in their place, ready for the performance of their duty, while the coast-defence fleet may be away at the moment when the enemy pokes the nose of his vessels into the harbor and they are wanted for war. The admiral in command may have taken it into his head that the hostile movement is to be made through the Sound, in which event he will run his fleet up toward Bridgeport and New Haven, where he can have plenty of sea-room for his anticipated fight. While he is off looking for the enemy, that enterprising adversary can sail up the Ship Channel, through the Narrows, and go on knocking the city to pieces while the harbor-defence fleet is discovering its mistake and making its way back to town. These considerations clearly indicate the necessity for land works that cannot be sunk with a shot or two, and that will be always on hand when the occasion demands.

The land works will be of various kinds. There will be turrets and earth-works, while the present stone fortifications will be utilized as much as possible. The gray-stone walls that have for so many years excited the wondering admiration of excursionists down the bay or on the Sound will still remain, possibly unchanged in their outward appearance, but greatly strengthened, and furnished with modern guns, a projectile from any one of which would penetrate the heaviest armor afloat.

Our new forts and new ships are not built nor our new guns constructed without a clear comprehension of the demands that will be made upon them if the country should ever go to war. The idea of the ordinary newspaper writer, who possibly reflects the notion of the ordinary newspaper reader, that our army and navy officers are simply wearing out their uniforms in idleness, is very far from being true. The mass of information that has been gathered by the officers of both services concerning the war material of foreign nations would astonish any one who has not closely followed the subject. In the War and Navy departments at Washington are records, compiled from the observation and reading of officers, of all the fleets and arsenals of the world. Our navy and army know just what ships can reach the port of New York; how much coal capacity they have; how much speed; what are their complements of crew; who is in command; what are the number and calibre of their guns, and what the weight of metal. In other words, the government knows precisely what it will have to encounter in a conflict with any given foreign power, and is therefore prepared to defend the country against any attack that may be made upon it, so far as the modern arts of engineering and gunnery permit. And, as has been said before in this article, these arts are very far advanced, and the target once hit in a vital spot cannot survive.

The turret for land work is of various forms, but the central idea is the same. It is a heavily armored, revolving mechanism, suggested of course by the Ericsson turret first used on the original *Monitor*. The land turret is the same in principle as that on board ship, but on account of the differing conditions afloat and ashore, the construction varies. It is only necessary to say, by way of further explanation in a paper simply intended to indicate the plans that have been devised and that are being carried out for the defence of New York Harbor, that the army and the navy have faced the same problem with respect to armor, and that the land turrets will doubtless be armored with the nickel and steel compound armor, which, as recent experiments have shown, offers the strongest resistance to high-power guns. There will be two embrasures in a turret, the guns being mounted side by side. The top of the turret will be like the back of a turtle, and will thus present the smallest possible object to the gunners of the attacking party; and from this top, and from one side of it only, will protrude the muzzles of the two guns, so that all the rest of the top is solid. The fire being delivered, the turret revolves, and while the guns are being reloaded the enemy has nothing to fire at except an almost invisible turtle back so heavily armored and so shaped that his projectiles are liable to glance off harmlessly. The guns will be of from 13-inch to 16-inch calibre. Eventually the government will be able to turn out the larger guns, but at present it will have to be content with the smaller. Still, these will be good enough weapons with which to fight anything that can be sent against us.

Armored casemates and barbette batteries will be used. The latter will be constructed of earth and rubble, the rubble constituting a core. On the barbette there will be mounted guns varying from 8 to 12 inches calibre. The 12-inch guns will be manipulated by a hydraulic lift. By means of this powerful engine the gun will be lifted into battery after being loaded, and will be lowered after its discharge. The smaller guns will be mounted on disappearing carriages, of which there are a great variety. Mounted on one of these carriages, the gun disappears immediately after it



MOAT AND WATER BATTERY, FORTRESS MONROE.

NEW YORK HARBOR, SHOWING PRESENT FORTIFICATIONS AT

is fired. In modern warfare all the heavy guns in a land-defence work will be loaded under protection.

Neither the existing forts nor the present light ordnance will be entirely useless for purposes of defence. It will be readily understood that there can be no quarters in the turrets or armored casemates. In New York Harbor, both in the lower harbor and at the opening of Long Island Sound, the turrets and casemates will be constructed in the vicinity of the forts now there, and the officers in charge of these works and of the mortar batteries will continue to occupy the quarters that now face the parade-grounds on which the game of tennis is a sight more customary than a military pageant. Other quarters will be outside the walls, as a matter of course, and there will be a general consensus of opinion among engineers and other military men that in a modern battle quarters, like ships, will be very likely to yield to the weight and energy of a modern projectile.

There will probably be high-power guns mounted on the parapets of the old forts. There is no necessity for the demolition of the latter. They do not seem to be occupying any part of the comparatively limited space that will be required for the modern works, and the government can afford to maintain them until an obliging enemy comes along and knocks them to pieces with his hostile ordnance. As to the old guns—the 15-inch Rodmans and the 8-inch converted rifles—they will still be of some service. The defences of a harbor in the face of an immediate attack will be far from complete without a mine of torpedoes stretching from shore to shore; and if an enemy is in earnest in his purpose to capture the town, he will necessarily send out light boats or lightly armored boats for the purpose of countermining our torpedoes. Then the old-fashioned ordnance will come into action, and may do most effective service in driving back or demolishing the force sent out against the torpedoes. Rapid-fire guns will also play an important part in the ordnance of the future defences of New York. For close and hot work the rapid-fire gun that showers balls upon the enemy is the best arm of modern times.

Among the most important of the arms with which the homes and commerce of the metropolis will be surrounded is the mortar. The modern mortar is a strange development from the old-fashioned iron pot which was wont to sit on its oval breech with its mouth looking skyward. The round shells that were thrown from this usually harmless weapon described high parabolas, and attained a range most remarkably short. Accurate fire was almost an impossibility, and it was not difficult for an alert man to dodge the shells as they descended.

The modern mortar is an affair of a quite different character. It looks like a very large and somewhat stubby cannon, and is mounted on an enormously high carriage. Its projectile weighs between 600 and 700 pounds, and the shell can be thrown with a fair degree of accuracy about five miles. These mortars are to be arranged in groups of four, and usually there will be four groups in a battery. The fire of the sixteen mortars can be concentrated within a small space, and a ship sailing through the field of fire will be constantly menaced by immense shells. If one of these shells should strike the deck of a battle-ship, no matter how thick it might be, there would be great danger of its penetrating into the vital parts of the vessel. It might explode in the machinery-room, or tear open the boilers, or enter the ammunition-room, in which event no one would escape to tell the tale of the ship's destruction.

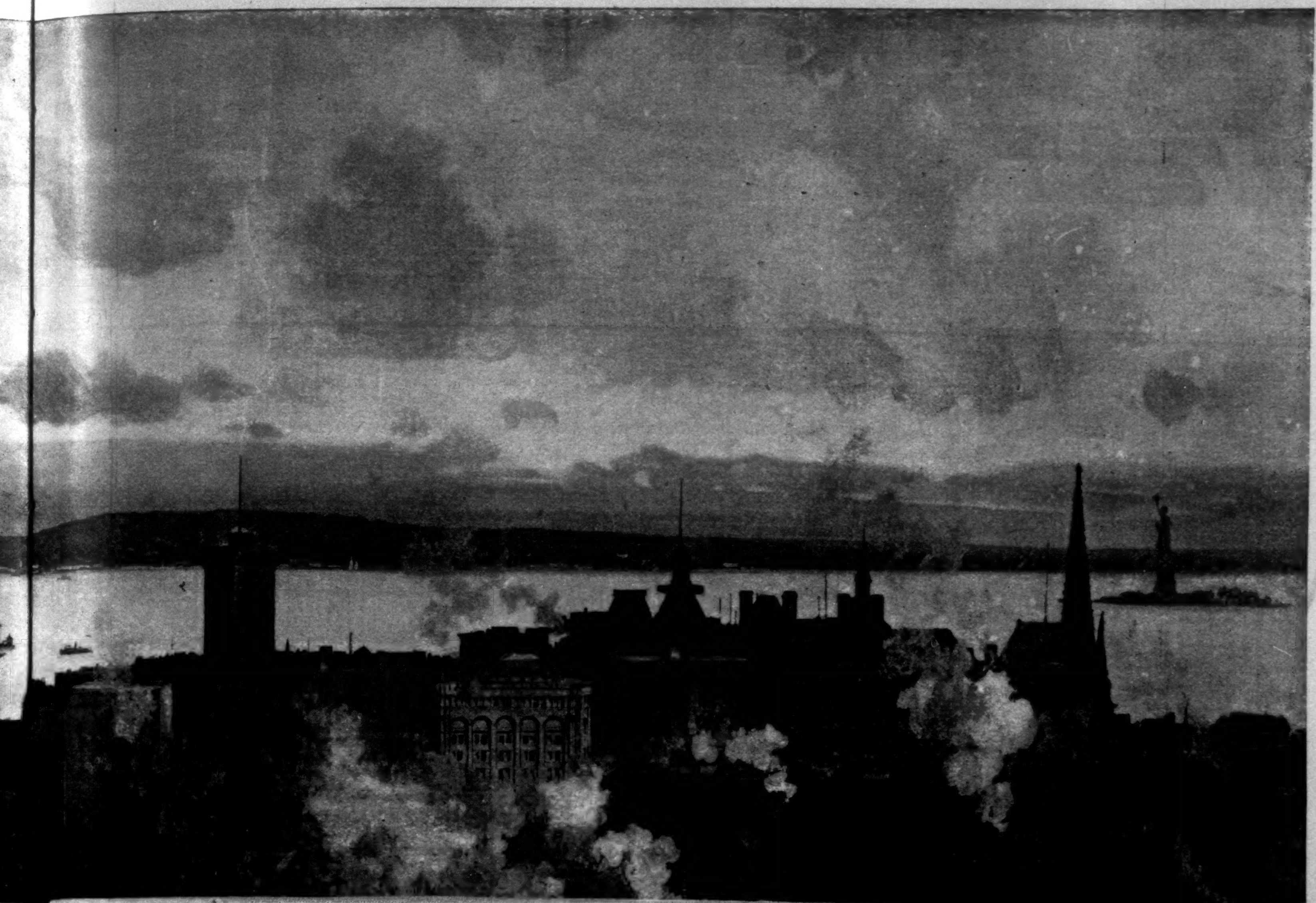
These are the kinds of works that will be erected in the vicinity of New York. Some of them are already in process of construction at the two entrances to the harbor. The ordnance is being made at Watervliet, and pattern guns are being tested at the Sandy Hook grounds. Congress, after years of hesitation, has at last begun to appropriate money for a work whose necessity was admitted a score of years ago. It is one of the curious features of our government that Congress assumes to direct and superintend all administrative work, even that whose proper conduct demands scientific training. Thus, in the matter of building the new navy, the law-making power was not content to confine its share to making the Navy Department an allowance of money, leaving to its experts the selection of type, size, arrangement, and the other details of building and fitting out war-ships. Just as in Jefferson's day the building of frigates was discontinued and gunboats were substituted for the larger and more powerful vessels on the decree of a body of lawyers, planters, and merchants, so in our own times statesmen from the prairies and the towns have learnedly argued about the value of sail-power on modern cruisers and battle-ships, and on the comparative merits of different forms of disappearing carriages, hydraulic lifts, barbettes, turrets, and armor. It may be that Congress has lately found itself getting beyond its depth on these subjects, for it is a noticeable fact that lay discussions on scientific problems are more infrequent than they were a few years ago.

The works on Sandy Hook and at Coney Island, with their high-power guns and mortar batteries, will be depended upon to keep the enemy's fleet out of range of the city. With complete works at these points it would be almost impossible for a ship or a fleet to reach the works at the gateway of the Narrows. In order to
so the enemy would be obliged to run up the channel wh
comes close inshore at the northern end of Sandy Hook, so th
his escape from under the tremendous fire that would play on h
for several minutes would be little less than miraculous. Af
passing through this preliminary ordeal he would encounter su
marine torpedo-mines, torpedo-boats, floating-batteries, and wh
ever coast-defenders the navy might have on hand. If, by reas
of the absolute incapacity of our forces properly to employ th
means of resistance, the hostile ships should get into the Narrow
they would then be subject to a perfect hail of fire from Fo
Hamilton, Wadsworth, Townsend, and the turrets and mort
batteries in their vicinity and on the site of old Fort Lafayette.

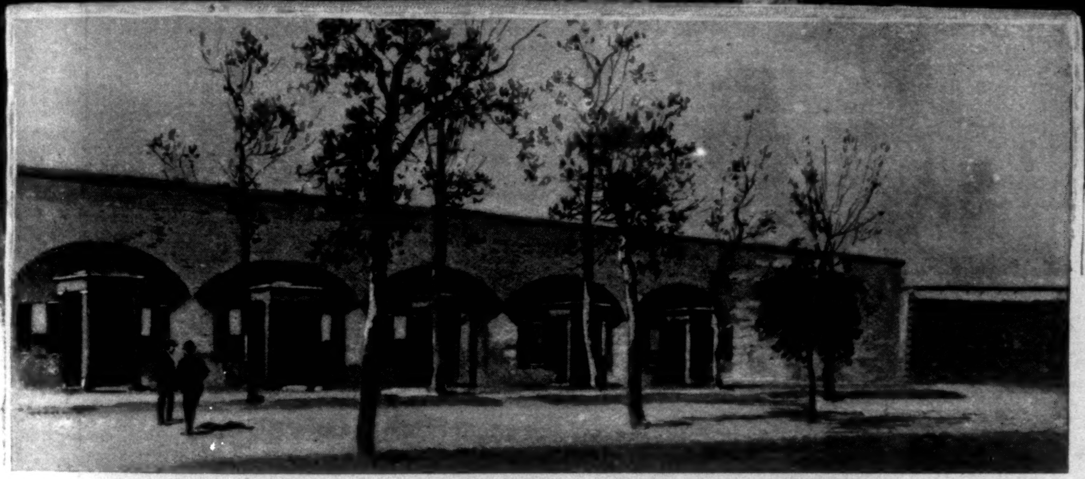
In a word, it will be next to impossible for a hostile fleet to g
within striking distance of New York when the defence wor
in contemplation are actually constructed, armed, and mann
and, so far as absolute certainty can be predicated of human a
mundane matters, it would be absolutely impossible for a fleet
sail past such defences and into the city's inner harbor. Ho
great are the chances in favor of an invasion by a foreign arm
in large enough force to overrun the country, and to make co
defences as useless as a front door after the thief has enter
through a rear window, is patent to all intelligent Americans.

At the other or Sound end of the harbor the conditions are qu
as favorable for a complete defence of New York. It is true,
long as Plum and Fishers islands are unfortified, a rich count
and many important towns will be at the mercy of an enterprisi
enemy, but so far as the metropolis is concerned it can be sav
from bombardment or more immediate hostile demonstration
works that have been already begun.

The channel of the Sound, as has already been pointed out, swin
in close to the Long Island shore as it approaches Willets Poi
A mortar battery is in process of construction on Davids Islan
and pits are being dug for sixteen mortars. This is now a milita
post, a rendezvous for recruits. It is near the main shore, abo
a mile from the channel, and is a little southwest of Sands Poi



T GOVERNORS ISLAND AND THE NARROWS.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.



CASEMATES NOW USED AS OFFICERS' QUARTERS, FORTRESS MONROE.

on the Long Island shore, where another mortar battery is to be located. The thirty-two mortars of these two batteries will make the passage of a hostile ship through the narrow channel, considerably less than a mile in width, very disagreeable. The mortars can be so trained that the whole thirty-two shells may fall within the space of a ship's deck, and if a ship happen to be there when the shells actually fall, the fragments of the wreck will be exceedingly small.

After the channel passes Davids Island it trends slightly to the southwest, and approaches Throgs Neck considerably to the west of Fort Schuyler, so that a ship having progressed thus far on its way to New York would go about and present its broadside to the northerly veil of the fort for some distance. It would then turn almost at right angles, and pass between the fires of the works at Fort Schuyler and Willets Point. At these two points there will be turrets, barbettes, and mortar batteries, and between them there will be a line of submarine torpedoes. The torpedo experiments of the army are now being made at Willets Point, where is situated the school of the engineer corps. A heavy stone operating-room has already been built at Fort Schuyler.

The plans presented in this paper constitute the barest outline of the task involved in constructing a system of works for the defence of New York. The layman who is not interested in mathematics applied to materials of resistance, to gun-metal, explosives, projectiles, and the mechanical operations by which heavy ordnance is mounted and manipulated, would find a technical article on the subject very hard and dry reading, and would quit it without any clearer comprehension of the general scheme that it described than he possessed before undertaking the arduous task. But the art of defence and attack is still rapidly developing. If the engineer and ordnance corps of the army had been authorized to fortify the coast at the time when Mr. Tilden wrote his famous letter, the country would by this time have wasted a good deal of money in experiments that have been made for our instruction by foreign powers that must always be well defended, no matter how rapidly conditions may shift, or how essentially new inventions are making their adopted guns and armor obsolete. As it is, we have not only learned from our involuntary preceptors, but our experts have greatly improved upon the lesson taught them. Even yet, however, it is too soon to say precisely what kind of work will be located here or there, whether turret, mortar battery, or armored casemate, but the general scheme of defence is as has been indicated, and its adequacy must certainly be apparent to any one who has had the patience to follow me to this point. Whether or not the scheme will ever be completed is a question for Congress to decide. New York cannot expect to secure all the appropriations, and the plan for defending the two ocean coasts, the lakes, and the Gulf of Mexico involves the expenditure of many millions of money. Experience has taught us that Congress often grows tired of spending money before the completion of plans that have been begun. How much money has been wasted in this way it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to find out, and the shock that would result from the ascertainment of the truth would hardly pay for the trouble and labor of the search. Still, it is to be hoped that, as the work has been entered upon, it will be prosecuted until the country has at least a system of defence—such a system as will make the trembling money-changers reasonably sure that the government may vindicate its honor by going to war without great risk that the bank safes will have to be opened for the satisfaction of a demanded ransom.

It is a great accomplishment, that of assuring the inviolability of the bank safes; but bank safes are large, they are commodious, and they possess great spaces, recesses that must be filled. They also bear a striking resemblance to our bodies in other respects. We might be securely housed and covered with a rain-repelling roof, but if we had no store of groceries and butcher's meat the pains of hunger would deprive us of the blessing of sleep, and, in time, of any use for the roof. And if our circulating medium ceased to flow, our stores of food would soon come to have no meaning to us. So is it with the bank safe, to adopt an introductory phrase familiar to the month of June. The current of coin and notes must go on flowing through the bank safe, or its store will be useful for nothing except the purchase of the necessities or luxuries of life. If there is no game of commerce going on in which the bank safe can take a hand, the vital circulation must come to an end, and the store of gold become uninteresting to the business man, whose chief pleasure consists in seeing his capital move.

The big guns and mortars may keep the enemy's fleet out of range of the town, but if the ships hover off the mouth of the harbor they can effectually kill the commerce of the port, and, next to the call for a ransom, the bank safes would dread that alternative. Therefore the blockade must be broken up, and to that end the navy is an absolute necessity. Forts may effectively resist an assailant, but they can't follow him after he escapes beyond the reach of their guns, and scatter his component parts over the broad surface of the ocean. Ships alone can deal with ships when it comes to a question of sea-legs.

There is sound sense in making ready for a war even when we do not intend to fight. If Thomas Jefferson had been ready and willing to back up Mr. Monroe and Mr. Livingston when those two energetic diplomats were trying to bully Napoleon into surrendering New Orleans to the young and feeble republic, and if Spain had understood that Mr. Pinckney's request for his passports really meant blood or Florida, the United States would not only have obtained the orange groves and sugar plantations sooner and cheaper, but England itself might have been convinced without a real war that it would be best to give up the reprehensible practice of visiting our merchant ships for the purpose of supplying herself with able-bodied seamen.

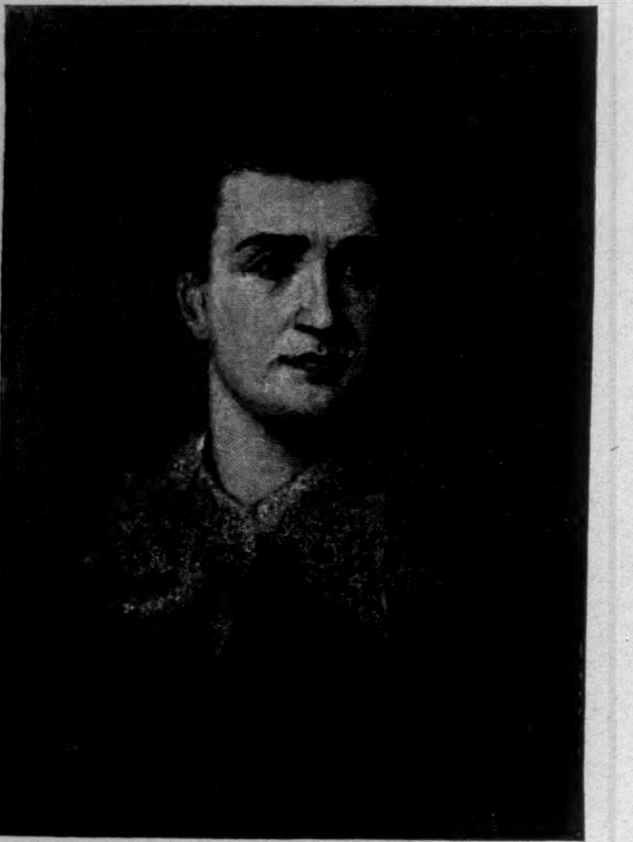
No one wants to go to war in this country. This same Thomas Jefferson, who obtained his diplomatic objects by teasing, and by making his protagonist familiar with his wants very much after the fashion in which a persistent youngster familiarizes his parent with his desire for a new toy, had a passion for peace, and millions of his fellow-countrymen have inherited his tastes. In fact, every American who has property or who expects to acquire it is desirous of avoiding bloodshed, for your soldiers and sailors cannot shed blood without inciting a corresponding shedding of gold. If New York and the other harbors of our money-making country should be put into such a condition of defence as the engineers of the army have devised, and the navy should be expanded to meet the hopes and expectations of the officers of that admirable service, the very aim and purpose of the soldiers and sailors would be defeated, and the anxious fears of the industrious successors of Thomas Jefferson would be calmed. Wars will cease to be when inventive genius has perfected the implements of destruction upon which it is now busily exercising itself, so that a battle will mean the demolition of both sides; and the bank safes of New York will be absolutely secure when it is thoroughly understood by all our possible enemies that their ships can neither get in nor stay around.

THE BOOTHS—FATHER AND SON.[*]

SOME PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

BY HENRY SEDLEY.

STRIKING coincidences sometimes present themselves that justify Hamlet's profound assurance to Horatio, that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy; but they are apt, in the stir and bustle of life, to be put aside and forgotten until another example of like sort is offered to sharpen wonder and revive discussion. To such a coincidence, so to call it, as a preface to some personal recollections of the renowned actors, the Booths, father and son, attention is hereby invited.



JUNIUS BRUTUS BOOTH.

From the Painting by Thomas Sully. By Courtesy of the Players Club.

Frontispiece to Laurence Hutton's "Curiosities of the American Stage."

In the mystical drama called *The Corsican Brothers* the spectator is more than once shown not only what has happened, but what is to happen. Coming events, as Campbell puts it, cast their shadows before. That which is and that which is to be may not be identical. There may, in some instances, be a wide divergence between them—as wide, that is to say, as what divides the tragic from the comic, the terrible and the trivial. And yet there will be a certain unmistakable family likeness between them, a resemblance so close as to make it impossible, after the double event, to doubt that one was the herald or suggester of the other.

Whatever in these thoughts may be real and whatever fanciful, many persons have known illustrations, and the one now to be related has long seemed to me to be forcibly in point. When a little boy I remember hearing several curious anecdotes of the famous Junius Brutus Booth, the tragedian. One of the number was told as having been a sequel to one of his performances of Shakespeare's *Richard III.* It was at the Tremont Theatre in Boston, and, as usual, had been received with vast applause by a crowded house. Mr. Booth played, it was said, with rare fire and impetuosity, his repeated shouts in the battle scene for "another horse" being given forth with uncommon insistence and energy. At the end of the scene he refused to be slain by Richmond, as the stage directions if not history enjoin, but rushed instead to the rear of the stage. Before the astonished witnesses could interfere he had leaped on the back of a horse, which stood ready saddled by the back door, and, throwing a cloak over his person, galloped away into the darkness. The stage door of the Tremont Theatre opened close by a stable, and egress thence was had into a little street then called Cook's Court, now Chapman Place. Mr. Booth made his way, my informants were told, into the suburbs, and only ended his mad ride at the town of Salem, some thirteen miles away.

It is not needful to dwell here on the various motives that were assigned for this singular proceeding. They readily present themselves to the mind, and require no suggestion or discussion. The purpose in hand, however, is to ask the reader to consider how far the incident bears upon, as cause or suggester of, the awful calamity, years after, at Ford's Theatre in Washington, when the tragedian's son, John Wilkes Booth, was chief actor in a real drama as dreadful as any his parent had ever simulated. Here are all the same features—the saddled horse; the calculation that surprise would baffle or impede pursuit; the rush out from a back door into the darkness; the crowded theatre; the foreshadowed effect of utter unexpectedness—all alike in both episodes, the difference lying alone in the practical insignificance of one action and the tremendous importance of the other. But would the second action ever have occurred if the first had not preceded it? Let others ponder and reply.

I first saw both Junius Brutus Booth and his son Edwin at an inn called the Pemberton House, in Howard Street, Boston. Mr. Booth senior and my father were old acquaintances, and I had been sent by the latter with a note to be delivered to the tragedian at his hotel. This was in the fall of 1847, and Booth was about to play an engagement in Boston, where he had many strong admirers. The actor was famous, and I looked upon him, for the first time, with much curiosity.

His figure was short and rather thick-set. The torso was large for his height, and he was "bandy" legged. On the other hand, the head and face were handsome. The nose had been broken by a blow from a bottle, struck by Thomas Flynn, an actor. But the head was massive and nobly shaped. The general appearance, with the noted exceptions, was in harmony with one's ideal of the classic Junius Brutus, in whose honor the player had been named. Mr. Booth met me kindly and hospitably; but there seemed to me in his manner, then and always afterward, a depression which indicated mental suffering. His hair was short and iron-gray. The eyes, too, were gray, although at night and by gas-light they looked black. He was dressed in a suit of "pepper-and-salt," unfashionably cut; and, on the whole, but for a certain distinction in the carriage of the head and shoulders, and for the imposing outlines of the features, he might have been taken for a respectable farmer who had come to the city to buy his supplies. For the rest, his voice was husky and slightly nasal, and he was habitually taciturn. In this latter respect Edwin was like him. I have been with the two for what seemed an hour when neither spoke a word.

Mr. Booth asked about my father, whom he called by his Christian name—or, rather, by its familiar diminutive—and about my own work at school. He complained a little that Edwin would not study. It was his wish, he said, to give him a classical education, but the boy would have none of it. So he took him travelling with himself, that he might be of some use, he added, and be kept out of mischief.

Edwin presently came in—a slight, dark, shy-looking lad of fourteen. The father introduced us, calling his son "Ted," and said something about our being so unlike, one being so brown, the other so fair. Mr. Booth then insisted upon having refreshments. He took brandy and water, to name details, Edwin a "port-wine sangaree," and I lemonade.

Edwin Booth's face looked mature for his years. Indeed, I saw little change in it for a long time afterward. His manner, too, reflected the gravity and thoughtfulness of his father's. Both, besides being markedly of few words, left on my boyish mind the impression that they were either brooding over some sorrow or anticipating one. It did not then occur to me, as it might have done thereafter, that the older man's air of gloom or despondency was a token of reaction from the sharp excitement of acting or of other exhilaration, of which hitherto I knew nothing.

After this I saw nothing, personally, of either father or son until one night when taken behind the scenes of the theatre by the manager, Mr. Booth's near friend. The player spoke to us between the acts. He was arrayed in the coronation robes of Richard III., and I gazed on him with admiring awe. He spoke a kind word, and then remarked that, Edwin having "cleared out somewhere," he would be much obliged if I would procure and fetch him what he very seldom used, a piece of chewing tobacco; which I did, with much amusement and surprise, and never forgot the incident. For a Plantagenet to be solacing himself thus on Bosworth field was surely a sufficiently diverting anachronism.

After this I saw him in several of his Shakespearian parts. Mr. Booth in most of his characters wore wigs, the "Brutus," of dark hair closely curled toward the face, being perhaps most frequently used. But his taste varied at times, and I saw him begin to act Hamlet one night in a "Brutus" which certainly made him look younger than he looked in his own iron-gray hair. When, however, he was fairly under way in the second act he deliberately pulled the "Brutus" off and threw it into a corner, and finished the play in his own hair, observing that it was not only much more comfortable but much more becoming.

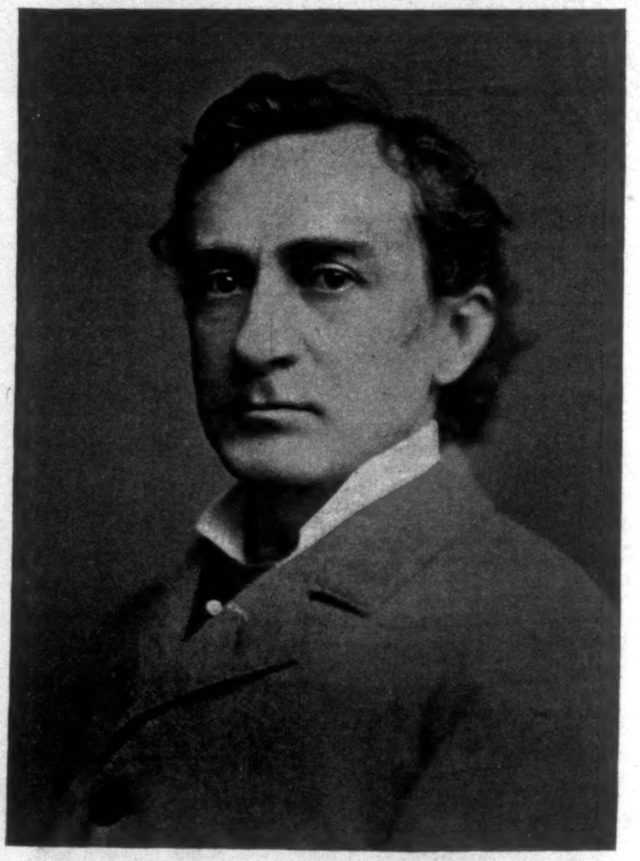
Not long after this Mr. Booth and Edwin came to us for a visit. We occupied a little cottage at Cohasset, a sea-side village near Boston. It was on what was called the "Jerusalem Road," and was close to the shore. Here some time was passed in boating, fishing, bathing, and an occasional drive. No intoxicating drink was allowed in the cottage, and the understanding was that none should be taken by the inmates out of it. This was imparted to me and received without question. At that time the temperance reform was widely accepted or acted upon, and I was not even concerned when one day instructed that I was on no account to bring any spirit or wine to the house. I assented obediently, but added that such a thing had not been thought of by or proposed to me. That was well, was the reply; but some one might propose it to me, especially in the absence of the speaker, who was liable to be called by business to Boston.

We had a pleasure craft, with two fore-and-aft sails, a little larger, possibly, than an old-fashioned whale-boat. This being watered and provisioned, and the crew, consisting of a man and a boy, being duly aboard, the two Booths, another excursionist, and myself would start forth for a day's sailing and fishing. On one occasion there was a lively sea running, and one after another of the little party became distressingly ill. All at last were so except the elder Booth, who sat in grim silence in the stern sheets, and, I thought, rather enjoying the misery of his companions. Fishing from the rocks was also practised, and this sport appeared to harmonize with the grave if amiable reticence of our visitors. They would sit holding their poles by the hour, almost without a syllable, interrupting the silence only if a big fish was caught, or by a demand for fresh bait.

One incident happened during this sojourn at Cohasset that threatened a dismal conclusion. Had what was so menaced in fact occurred, Edwin Booth would never have been seen on the stage. An inmate of the cottage was a good swordsman. Taught by his father, who, in turn, had been a pupil of Angelo, reputed the best fencing-master in Europe, this young fellow was a well-trained handler of the foils. Now when the visitors came it was directed, by way of instruction and entertainment, that lessons should be given to young Booth in the use of the small-sword. Edwin was anxious to learn, and the work was begun with energy and pursued with regularity.

It had been carefully enjoined that the foils were on no account to be handled without masks and appropriate buttons, and this good rule had been always rigidly observed. One day, however, the scene being the green turf outside the cottage windows, there was an exception. The masks were unhappily mislaid; but the foils were there, Edwin was anxious for a bout, and with youthful folly the teacher and the pupil engaged. The result is easily anticipated. In practising some swift counters the point of a foil struck Edwin sharply in the right eye. The blade was well buttoned or the effect would have been disastrous. As it was, the blow was bad enough. The eye was dreadfully blackened, soon became suffused with blood, and for days was in a state of dangerous inflammation. The white of the eye was long like crimson velvet. To the general joy there was ultimately a complete recovery; but it was a severe lesson, and those immediately concerned never used foils without masks again. With characteristic sweetness and fortitude, Edwin made no complaint, either at the time of the accident or afterward, and referred to it in years following with amiable equanimity, closely as it came to marring his whole future career.

Edwin Booth early manifested a wish to go upon the stage. On this point I can speak with certainty, since, as a boy, he often told me so. It was understood that his father was opposed to it. Like Edmund Kean, and, in truth, nearly all eminent players, he disliked to have his children follow in his footsteps. Like many such, too, Booth was in this wise disappointed. He told me that, apart from other objections, he doubted Edwin's talent or fitness for this vocation. His eldest son and namesake had gained at this time an honorable but not a brilliant position on the boards; and the father saw no reason to expect better things for Edwin. However, as the world knows, the young man had his way, and



EDWIN BOOTH.

From a Photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.

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[*] Junius Brutus Booth, born in London, May 1, 1796. Made his first appearance as an actor December 13, 1813. Died, on passage from New Orleans to Cincinnati, Mississippi River, December 1, 1852.

Edwin Booth, born in Harford County, Maryland, November 13, 1833. Made his first appearance as an actor Boston, September 10, 1849. Died at the Players Club, New York, on June 7, 1893.

his parent clearly made up his mind to make the best of it, for he not only at last assented, but permitted his son to make his first appearance in the same play with himself.

Edwin's début was effected on the stage of the Boston Museum, September 10, 1849. The play was *Richard III.*, that personage being acted by Booth senior, and Edwin's part was Tressel. This is a comparatively easy character, and, for a novice, a very favorable one. He has, to begin with, the sympathy of the audience. Having in substance but one scene—that wherein he relates to King Henry VI. the fateful news of the battle of Tewkesbury, and the subsequent assassination of the young prince, his son, by “crook'd Richard, Clarence, and the rest”—Tressel is called on to risk little action. He does not even cross the stage—always a perilous experiment for a beginner—but stands and tells his story close to the proscenium, only advancing a step or two to kneel to, in saluting, his captive and bereaved master.

I was present on this interesting occasion, and must admit that Edwin's performance, while entirely inoffensive, was a colorless one. He was almost inaudible, and seemed to have but slender appreciation of the overwhelming purport of his message to the King. This early imperfectness of delivery is worth note as compared with the well-known fact that clearness of speech became, in time, a positive and recognized characteristic of the actor's elocution. It was not a highly promising first appearance, although most of the newspapers of the time said it was; but Edwin's Tressel was graceful and becoming, and became better, firmer—that is to say, more individual, more sympathetic, and more significant—with each successive performance. Good judges of acting did not assuredly augur future greatness from it; and one of them, Rufus Choate, a great admirer of his father, on the contrary predicted that the young man would never rise above mediocrity.

My object is not so much to compare or criticise acting as to set down recollections; yet I hope to be forgiven for recording the powerful impression made upon me by the elder Booth through the utterance of a single word. I have found no notice of this elsewhere, and it certainly warrants commemoration. It was in John Howard Payne's affecting tragedy of *Brutus.* The last words of the play spoken by the hero after the execution, by his order, of his son, are, “Justice is satisfied and Rome is free.” Mr. Booth repeated the word “Justice,” giving the repetition sharpened emphasis, and coming to the word “Rome,” he gave it so mournful and so emphatic a prolongation as to make the passage indescribably moving. It told the whole story—how that for Rome and the preservation of her liberties the patriot father had made his heart-rending sacrifice, and gained all for his country in losing all for himself.

Garrick said, with what Mr. Lecky calls “pardonable exaggeration,” that Whitefield could pronounce the word “Mesopotamia” in such a way as to move an audience to tears, and Booth's utterance is a fitting companion to the anecdote. Let me add that, not by a single word alone but by a single letter, the tragedian wrought more effect than any one else in my remembrance. This was in Hamlet, in the soliloquy, “O that this too too solid flesh would melt,” the “O” being prolonged to a wonderful expression of impatient suffering.

Why did J. B. Booth make a home in America? The question has often been asked and various answers given—by Booth himself as well as others. There was one person, however, who answered it, whose testimony I heard as a boy, and who was held by able contemporaries to be absolutely trustworthy and correctly informed. That person was Thomas Comer. He was leader of the orchestra at the Boston Museum, and he was furthermore a respectable actor. I remember that he led the band on the night when Edwin Booth made his first appearance. Now Mr. Comer was a member of the famous Drury Lane company whereof John Philip Kemble was manager. In the splendid cast of *King John* when Kemble was the King, Charles Kemble, Faulconbridge, Macready, Hubert, and Mrs. Siddons, Constance, Comer was the Austria. This gentleman remained at Drury Lane until after the appearance of Edmund Kean, and was present on the subsequent famous occasion when Booth played Iago to Kean's Othello.

Mr. Comer repeatedly told me in Boston and at Cohasset that Booth fairly shared the applause with Kean that night; that the excitement and enthusiasm were prodigious; that, whereas it had been freely and widely asserted that Booth was an imitator of Kean's, no judge could see the two men act together without seeing that this charge was unfounded. He stated, however, that Kean's friends were very powerful, indisposed to brook the success of a possible rival, and that by all sorts of means, in the press and elsewhere, they labored to discourage Booth and to drive him from the London stage. Not a little proof of this is to be found in contemporary dramatic literature, a well-known letter addressed to Booth by William Godwin, the author of *Political Justice*, being a conspicuous case in point; but high value naturally attaches to the oral evidence of Comer, a man of solid character and attainments, who lived with and among the persons concerned, who was behind the scenes in a literal sense, and upon whom the events and performers involved had made a deep and lasting impression.

It is well known that Booth was an exquisitely sensitive man, and that his reception in the United States was from the first hearty and appreciative. Putting these and the foregoing facts together, one needs hardly go further to justify an acceptance of Comer's emphatic declaration as to the cause of Booth's taking up his abode in the United States, to wit, that he felt that he had been unfairly treated in England, and was unlikely, at least while Edmund Kean held the stage, to get justice there. It is true that he went back to London and acted in 1825, but the visit was avowedly a flying one, and the experience it brought did not encourage its repetition.

The direct personal recollections of a competent observer have value in such cases even when they relate to details merely, or when they are but affirmations of what has been heard before; and therefore it may be added that Mr. Comer said that Kean and Booth were nearly of a like height and size, Mr. Booth having slightly the advantage in both. Mrs. Siddons said to Kean--of course before “the pit rose” at his Shylock in Drury Lane—“What a pity you can never do anything because there's so little of you!” but the lady's notion of the proper heroes of tragedy had been warped by her stalwart brothers, and, great genius though she was, she did not foresee that what Hazlitt called Kean's “rapid descents from the hypertragic to the infracolloquial” were destined to eclipse the longest-drawn periods and the loftiest conventional declamations of a school that was passing away.

Mr. Comer said that Kean was of a Gypsy-like swarthiness, his eyes very large and dark, and that his most electric “points” were mainly such because of their startling abruptness. Booth's elocution was the smoother, he averred, as befits Iago; his voice more musical than Kean's, his delivery of the soliloquies original and impressive, and his handling of the trying scenes of the third act quite on a plane, in respect of force and subtlety, even with the magnificent acting of Kean.

At the time noted, and soon after, I saw Mr. Booth senior in all of his other celebrated characters, and had also the advantage of seeing, at or about the same period, both Forrest and Macready in nearly the same parts, notably in King Lear, Hamlet, Othello, Richard III., and Macbeth. Somewhat later the Booths, father and son, went to California, the former, after a short stay, returning, and the latter remaining there. It was my good fortune to visit the same romantic and beautiful State during Edwin Booth's first sojourn there, and, at about 1856, to see a good deal of him, both in public and in private. Some events whereof I thus had personal knowledge, and which, so far as known to me, have not hitherto been described in print, may now be set forth.

The sometimes rough and often highly diversified professional work done by Edwin Booth in California was of lasting benefit. It brought him ease, vocal strength, and that confidence in his own resources generally that in the histrionic as in other arts is so essential to success. The young actor played not only in the larger towns, San Francisco, Sacramento, and others, but in a number of the mining camps. He travelled much in stages and in the saddle. In these journeys I must have accompanied him for six or seven hundred miles. Thus there was encountered much physical as well as mental fatigue. Edwin was exposed in those times—perhaps, for that matter, at most times—to much temptation and I have always thought it most creditable to his courage and self-respect that he accomplished so much in his later career after going through what he did at its outset. He disliked the drudgery of his calling, especially the night-to-night study of new parts formerly so commonly required of members of theatrical stock companies, and he frequently assured me, half in jest, half in earnest, that in the future he was determined either to “star or starve.”

Like others in those wild days, Edwin Booth passed through many vicissitudes. On one occasion—the tale may have been made public before, but my eyes have not lit upon it—he came very near making a marriage that might have ruined his life. This was the proposed consummation of a conspiracy devised by unprincipled persons who hoped to profit by it. The proposed bride was said to have been old enough to be the groom's mother, and the unsuitableness otherwise will not here be dwelt upon. Edwin was saved in this wretched business chiefly by the resolute intervention of one devoted friend, to whom, to his honor, the actor never ceased to be grateful.

On another occasion when I was present a desperate fight took place in the auditory of a mining-town theatre when Edwin was on the stage. As memory serves me this was either in Oroville or Columbia. Revolvers were freely used, and several shots were fired in the direction of the foot-lights. We afterwards found bullet holes in the proscenium, and it seemed a miracle that no one on the stage was hurt. As it was, two men were shot among the audience. The popping of pistols was often heard in those days outside a theatre during a performance, the structures being usually near drinking and gambling places, and many an “honest miner” I have seen wounded, sometimes unto death, in such neighborhoods. There existed, however, an almost universal feeling of kindliness toward the players, the rough folk of the mines feeling grateful, no doubt, toward those who brought to their doors diversion, with which their lives were not overburdened.

The wayfarer in the Californian mining regions saw strange sights in those days. Lynch-law prevailed in the remoter diggings, and it was not seldom that offenders were hung to “flumes”—wooden conduits of water needed for gold-washing purposes—and left dangling there as a terror to other possible evil-doers. Horse-stealing and “mine-salting,” the latter a process of cheating by the sale of alleged rich claims wherein gold-dust had been scattered in the ground, were among the crimes most severely dealt with. I heard of, but did not see, a poor wretch who was said to have hung a long time from a flume with a board attached to his breast bearing the ghastly inscription, “Death loves a Mining Shark,” at once explaining the culprit's offence and cautioning others.

Edwin Booth's most decided bias in his early professional life was toward the acting of stage “villains.” In fact, this was always his inclination. He did not like the worthy heroes and love-makers of the drama, but sought to portray rather the wicked persons who “foiled” or were foiled by them. He was fond of Stukely in the *Gamester*, and he made, when a youth, a pronounced success of Paul Lafont in Mrs. Lovell's fine but now seldom seen *Love's Sacrifice.* He detested Romeo, although he acted the part sixty-eight successive times on the opening of his own theatre in Twenty-third Street, New York, in 1869. There were here exceptional reasons. It was thought desirable to open with a play of Shakespeare's, and with the original text, a play comparatively unhackneyed, and with abundant scope for scenic and other pictorial embellishment; and, finally, to afford for Miss McVicker, who soon after became Mr. Booth's wife, the chance to play Juliet.

Doubtless he instinctively perceived that sombre and sinister emotions fell more readily within his scope than their opposites; but the truth beneath this is, he had seen that his father, strong in all that he undertook, was yet more clearly and beyond dispute without a rival in Sir Giles Overreach, Richard III., Iago, and Pescara than any performer of his day. Of the last, the incredibly wicked person of Shiel's *Apostate*, a bit of history exists of pertinent interest. Mr. Booth was cast for this part on the first production of the tragedy in London, at Drury Lane. He refused it on the ground that his engagement entitled him to the leading character of any play in which he might be called on to appear, and that this character in the *Apostate* was Hemeya, which had been assigned to Mr. Charles Kemble—Charles Young being the Malec and Miss O'Neill the Florinda. On Booth's refusal of Pescara, the part was given to Macready—not then the celebrity he afterward became—who made a profound impression in it. Booth finding that in acting, if not in reading, Pescara was the dominant figure of the drama, soon after adopted it, and it became a feature of his repertory to the end of his career. He did not seem to fancy love-making much more than Edwin did, and although both, in turn, were deservedly praised for their acting of Richard's amorous passage with Lady Anne, it must be remembered this is not love-making, but rather an ostentatious and devilish simulation, to which Richard presently ridicules Lady Anne for succumbing, and which Shakespeare would hardly have retained in its order but for a supposed necessity for quickness in historical action.

While speaking of Richard III., which filled so large a space in the professional career of the Booths, father and son, I may be permitted to say that the usage of both in acting the Cibber version, instead of the original text, always seemed to me entirely wise. The Cibber Richard is far more effective than the parent text, and attempts to restore the latter have always been practical failures. This, of course, relates to the stage, not to the closet. No one wants a Cibber Macbeth or Julius Cæsar, and no one has ever tried to make one; but Colley Cibber was a very clever man, and his version of Richard III.—call it a patch-work melodrama if you please—is far more impressive on the boards than the unpatched original.

The elder Booth's dress and general appearance have been described as seen in 1847. His son's, as seen eight or nine years after in California, was oddly picturesque, although always modest and unpretending. Edwin produced the effect of a somewhat unusual, not to say a unique, personality without aiming to do so. He habitually wore long boots—what people there called “top-boots,” they being really “Hessians”—a plain suit of dark stuff, an overcoat hanging on the shoulders—the arms not being thrust through the sleeves, so looking like the outer jacket of a Hussar—and a slouch felt hat. It is to be borne in mind that the variable weather, often presenting considerable extremes in temperature on the same day, the ordinary state of pavements, and the frequent rains, prescribed certain adaptations in dress that to present eyes would seem unusual.

Edwin's bearing in private was somewhat reserved and mournful, and I fear that then, as in later life, he smoked more than was good for him. He was uniformly gentle and considerate, and if he ever spoke harshly to or of any human being I failed to hear it, or to meet any one who bore contrary testimony. There was scarcely any domestic life in California in those days. For a young man in Edwin's situation, apart from the theatre, the hotel, the bar-room, and the gambling-room were almost the sole resorts available, and to keep fairly clear of evil habits, which Edwin in the main did, was correspondingly praiseworthy.

At this time Edwin had picked up a little Spanish, still, as corrupted, the mother-tongue of not a few of the population. In mining towns, saloons, the haunts of the monté and faro dealers, and almost always from the lips of the dusky ***señoritas*** who turned roulette wheels, this speech was common, and a few words or sentences of it were often in Edwin's mouth. I recall that on one occasion it was found requisite to produce a fresh play with headlong haste. Whether it was to anticipate the rival theatre in Sacramento, or for whatever reason, the piece, it was thought, must be hurried instantly before the public. The drama had just been received from the East, and was no other than the *Two Loves and a Life* of Tom Taylor and Charles Reade.

Now the consequence of the precipitancy with which this piece was brought forth was that hardly any of the actors on the first night knew their words. *Two Loves and a Life* is at best a literary rather than an acting play, and the climaxes are somewhat forced and hazy. The principals had a vague notion of what the whole thing meant, and the others none at all; and the general result was unlike aught I ever witnessed before or since. Of course every one was on edge and struggling to “keep it up,” as the players say, and eking out what they did not know of the dialogue by pell-mell guesses from other plays which seemed to bear some application to the situation. Scene after scene followed in most admired confusion, the actors occasionally raising their voices and shouting something to round off a dramatic encounter or “bring down the curtain.”

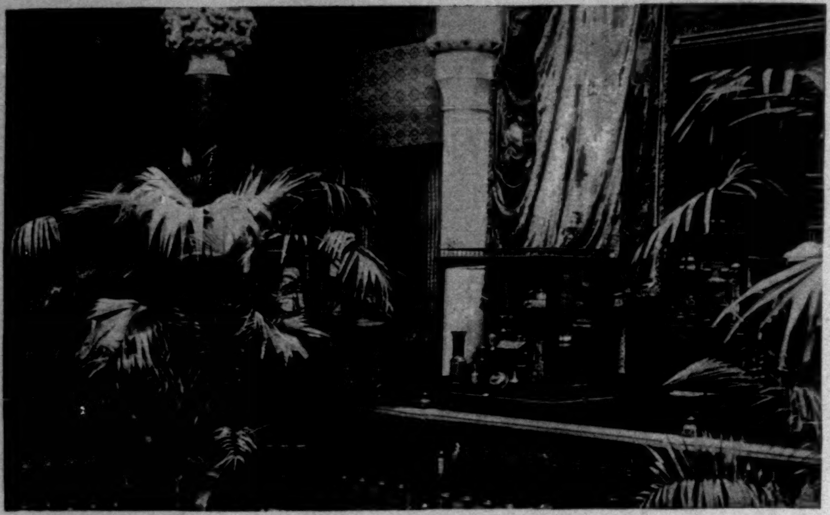
Some scenes I am certain were improvised almost to a word, while, strange to say, the audience, who must have been bewildered to the last degree, occasionally applauded with vehemence. At last this startling representation drew to a close, and I heard Edwin Booth—he was in a priest's dress; why, neither he nor any one else appeared to know—exclaim in Spanish, as the descending curtain shaded his face, “Thank God it's over!”

It might be supposed that the prompter on this occasion would have helped the performers out of their difficulties. But this was just what the gentleman who held the book could not or would not attempt to do. He was too good a prompter to prompt. He saw that the players were so wide of the text that to try to force them into it would surely make things worse. Hence he contented himself with getting the characters on and off the stage at something like the right moments, and with ringing down the curtain whenever he saw a favorable opportunity.

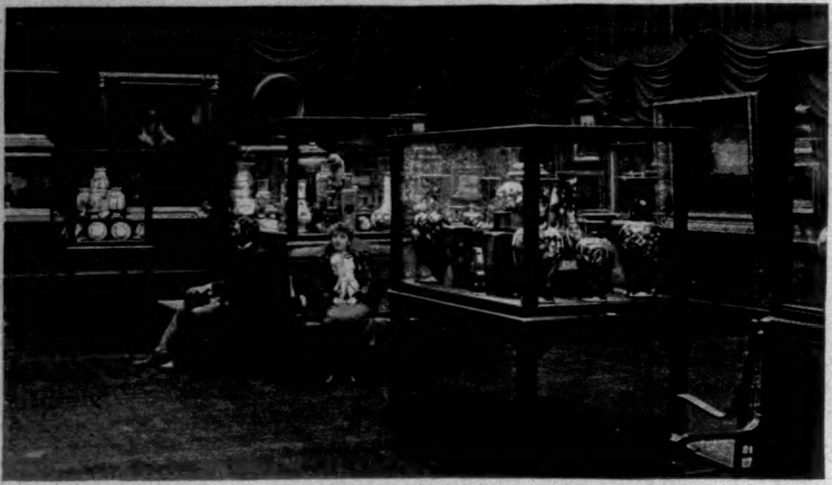
On another occasion, whereat, however, Edwin Booth was not present, there was no need for a prompter at all. It was necessary to make a sudden substitution of one play for another, and there was no time either to rehearse or to advertise the change. Worse still, there were no books. None of the company had any such. In these untoward circumstances it was found possible, with a few adroit “doubles,” to cast Kotzebue's *Stranger.* The actors all trusted to their memories, and with some nudging from those best “up” in the words, the play was pretty smoothly rendered, although there was probably no book of it within a hundred miles.

Before the sun of prosperity shone upon him, Edwin Booth went through, in California, much of the chill and gloom of adversity. This was substantially ended with the production and remarkable success of the play called *The Marble Heart.* That event occurred at the theatre in Sacramento. The piece was entirely novel to the Pacific slope; in fact, to the Atlantic as well. It was beautifully put upon the stage. Everything was new except the theatre itself, which was old and dingy. The scenes, dresses, and music were as good as need be. The first set, the workshop of Phidias, the Greek sculptor, had, for example, no “profile” work in the way of busts and statues. These were numerous and all solid; and this was a type of the general equipment of the whole drama. Edwin made a conspicuous success of Raphael, that hero being Phidias in the first act. His fellow-performers had also the hearty support of the public, and *The Marble Heart* had a “run” altogether without precedent in the then annals of the California stage.

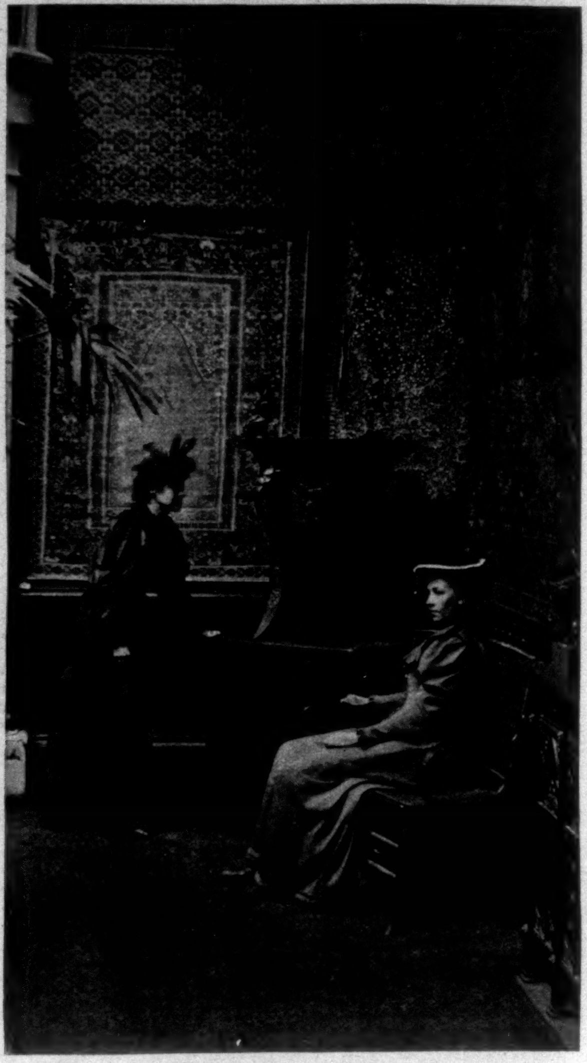
Among other curious incidents witnessed at that time was the performance of a drama upon billiard-tables—the sole available resource to make a raised platform—set side by side and boarded over, the improvised stage being covered by canvas. The oddest of stages, however, within my personal observation was that of the stump of one of the “big trees” in Calaveras County, which was, notwithstanding,



LOOKING ACROSS THE CORRIDOR.
Showing old Chinese Cloisonné Enamels loaned by George F. Baker, Esq.



IN THE SOUTH GALLERY.
Showing the Garland Porcelains and Paintings from the Belmont Collection.



A CORNER IN THE CORRIDOR.
Showing Bronze from the Bishop Collection.

IN THE LOAN EXHIBITION—NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, NEW YORK.

much larger than the billiard-table affair, besides being vastly more substantial. At entertainments set forth in remote places through these and like devices, I have known gold coin to be thrown in considerable amounts, and even "nuggets" of respectable dimensions to be included in the largess thus quaintly bestowed.

At a time when so much diversity of opinion exists as to the sufficiency and character of the circulating medium, it may interest some readers to recall that at the period and places now written of there was seldom enough coin to "go round." Purchases from stores were often paid for in gold-dust, the means for weighing and testing which were always at hand, and it very commonly happened that the entrance-money for theatrical and other entertainments was largely paid in the same way.

On first seeing the younger Booth, Edwin Forrest is said to have summed up his judgment in the words, "Good voice, good eyes, and his father's name." The worth of this sententious dictum may of course be impugned for obvious reasons; but that the opinion was shared substantially by numerous old play-goers, and especially by many of the elder Booth's strong admirers, is undeniable. The latter missed in Edwin his father's volcanic energy, his potent and sometimes rugged individuality, the sweep and glow and color of some of his memorable passages—such as, for instance, the fourth and fifth acts of his *Richard III.*—and a certain virile potency that was characteristic of all his work. They found the son comparatively languid, flexible rather than powerful, producing effects, as contrasted with his father, that a graceful modern colorist produces as contrasted with an old master. The work was clever, they said, but never grand; it represented a high order of plastic and adaptive talent, but not genius.

Others held that the distinguished position the son undoubtedly attained was largely due to the absence of rivals. Forrest himself was a vanishing figure on the scene at that time, and that famous actor had no real successor. In a word, in the country of the blind the one-eyed man was king. The Drury Lane company already spoken of included, to illustrate, seven men each of whom was at various times accepted as a first-rate Hamlet by the highest critical authorities of London. The American stage when young Booth first came into prominence could assuredly boast nothing approaching this. He was, in this sense, "himself alone." At the same time with his advent, and partly as a reaction from the robust and long immensely popular school of Edwin Forrest, a dainty æstheticism was coming into favor, which young Booth's picturesque figure was well fitted to adorn and develop.

Still other observers maintained that Edwin Booth had a signal advantage over his father in the nature of his theatrical surroundings and in his elaborately cultivated relations with the current press. The elder Booth was always shabbily costumed, his stage settings were coarse and paltry, his opponents in the public eye—notably Forrest and Macready after Kean—were strong and had influential followings, and he never had a tithe of that systematic "writing up" which was bestowed upon each of those performers. He was never ballooned by endless puffs of gaseous and honeyed rhetoric. And yet if such a man were now to appear, the public, if not the press, would be startled, not cajoled, into tumultuous recognition. The comparative splendor of the accessories in all, or nearly all, of Edwin Booth's metropolitan essays in his art need not be insisted upon; that many brilliant writers and artists joined hands to assure his triumph is equally patent; and the general public, ever eager for novelty, welcomed with heartiness the dreamy-faced, handsome young artist, tacitly assuming that if he was supple rather than powerful, a Saladin rather than a Richard, each may legitimately have his merits and win his victories and be glorified in his turn.

It is proper in any survey of the qualities and reputations of the two Booths to consider the foregoing estimates and circumstances; but it is not necessary to accept the former or to attach too much weight to the latter. Charles Kean thought that his father's towering reputation did him, Charles, more harm than good. People expected too much, he said, and did not judge him on his own merits. This, perhaps, was true, in a measure, in the case of Edwin Booth, and there was, in any case, a lack in the son of the kind of magnetism which so imbued the personality of the father.

The comparison of artists is always a delicate task, and one wherein it is not always easy to do justice to one without doing apparent injustice to the other. In such a paper as this, however, some balancing of merits will naturally be looked for, especially if it is remembered that the writer has published not a few criticisms on the performers in question in times past.

Edwin Booth's style and methods, then, were of course substantially founded upon his father's. The son learned the text of nearly all his chief parts by hearing his parent's recitals of them. Told on every hand that the latter was a supremely fine actor, acceptance of the fact was fortified by filial regard in establishing Edwin's conviction that his father's ways were the best possible ways, and so were not to be improved upon. This extended to action, reading, and the divers "points," traditions, and conventions that entered into the older actor's embodiments. So beginning, it naturally took some time for Edwin to mature into such self-mastery and originality as rightly belonged to or were attainable by him, and he passed through various phases of development in doing so.

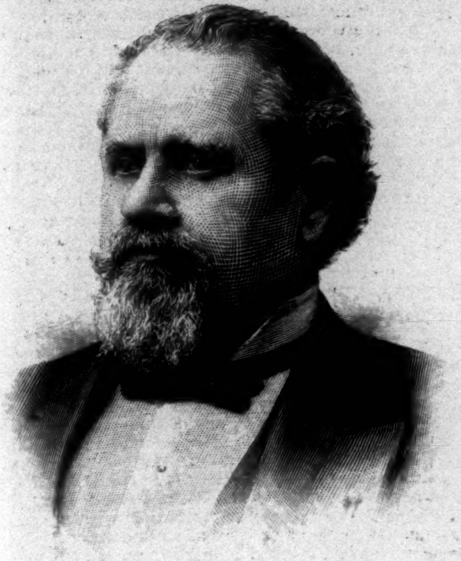
His Iago, for example, was at first purely mimetic; but it became in the sequel a better performance than his father's had ever been. It took on elegance, refinement, subtlety. It became "probable to the thinking," a figure that might really have imposed upon Othello, which so palpable a ruffian as Booth senior's Iago never could have done. The latter, with its unflinching diabolism, its consistent mockery, and its curious unity of treatment as to the soliloquies and the rest of the text, wore his heart on his sleeve as plainly to Othello as to the audience and everybody else. Edwin Booth grew beyond this, and deserves high credit for it. Something of the same praise is to be awarded to his Hamlet, which ripened into a very admirable effort, full of grace, finish, and variety, in all of which the father's Hamlet was deficient, superb as it was in certain detached passages, such as the play and closet scenes and the chief soliloquies.

Edwin lacked, first and always, his father's strength and positiveness of grasp. It may be said, of course, that other elements than force are essential to high art, and this is beyond dispute. But force is nevertheless indispensable herein; and the actor can no more attain the highest tragic flights without it than the eagle can soar without its pinions. The wonderful domination of the scene, the Rembrandt-like depth and force of—to repeat—the fourth and fifth acts of Booth senior's Richard, and all of his Sir Giles Overreach, Edwin never could attain, although he tried manfully to do so. Physical limitations thwarted him here, and he learned ultimately to trust rather to what he could do unquestionably well, and to avoid what fell outside his province. He could not be, as his father sometimes was, Titanic in his outbursts of rage, vengeance, and despair; but he was more fertile of method, more versatile and elaborate, and he compassed results that can neither be denied nor forgotten.

THE LOAN EXHIBITION.

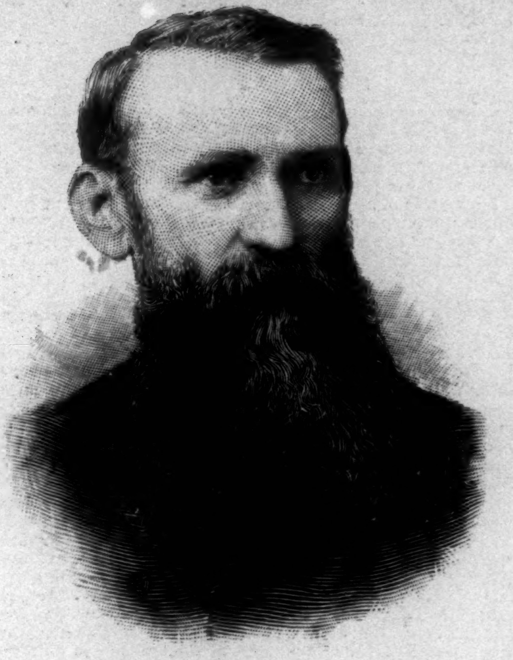
A PUBLIC exhibition to which the distinction and charm of a private collection have been communicated is an attractive rarity. Such an exhibition has been produced at the Academy of Design. It was organized for the summer months, when exhibitions of any sort are few, but in spite of the semi-deserted condition of the city during hot weather it was keyed up to concert pitch in the quality of most of its contents, and it lingers on now, by far the most interesting gathering of artistic objects which the autumn has to show. It owes its high character to the generosity of collectors, who have recognized no limits in assisting the committee to form really adequate groups of various special productions. Take, for instance, the bronzes loaned by Mr. Heber R. Bishop. There are many of them, and they are precious examples of a unique and beautiful art. We say unique, for the metal-workers of the Orient embodied in their creations not only a national genius utterly foreign to the conventions of Western design, but a daring and a perfection of craftsmanship which the artists of Europe have never touched. The bronzes in the Loan Exhibition are seldom as graceful in form as they are original and striking; for dignity and sculpturesque feeling they are not to be compared with the works of a man like Barye, and there is always a certain grotesqueness in the imaginative accent which animates their wonderful realism. They are extraordinarily artistic, on the other hand, in all that relates to beauty of decoration and color and to the refinements of chiselling.

There is, in fact, an exceptional brilliancy attached to the different little collections at the Academy—to the cases of cloisonné enamels loaned by Mr. George F. Baker and Mr. Samuel P. Avery, to the group of metal book-covers loaned by the latter, to the exhibits of decorated and single-color porcelains for which recourse was had to Mr. James A. Garland and Mr. Henry Sampson, and to the display of Greek figurines and vases made by Mr. Thomas B. Clarke. In each case the collector has loaned a small body of masterpieces. Among the paintings there is not the same felicity of selection to be observed. The Belmont collection is present in its entirety, and it contains an undue proportion of pictures by foreigners who were fashionable in the sixties and have since lost their vogue. From other collections, however, from Mrs. W. T. Blodgett, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mr. Henry G. Marquand, and others, there have come some delightful specimens of the English school of portraiture of the last century; and these, with a famous portrait of Washington by Gilbert Stuart and a handful of miscellaneous works, maintain the standard set by the bronzes, statuettes, porcelains, and tapestries.



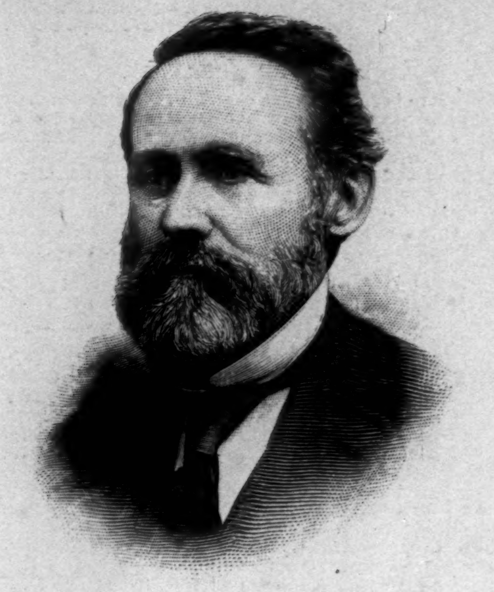
John Young Brown

Governor of Kentucky.



W. J. Northen

Governor of Georgia.



Governor of Arkansas.

A SYMPOSIUM OF SOUTHERN GOVERNORS.

THE following articles were furnished by the Governors of their respective States in response to an invitation extended by HARPER'S WEEKLY, with a view to pointing out some of the advantages offered by the Southern States for settlement and colonization, which were brought out in the sessions of the recent convention of Southern Governors at Richmond, Virginia.

STATE OF KENTUCKY.

Of Kentucky's 41,283 square miles of territory, less than 1000 are unsuited for agriculture; at least 10,000 are equal in fertility to the very best lands in England or Europe.

The geological conditions for a diversified agriculture are exceptional. For fifty years the State has held first place in the census with respect to some agricultural product—notably tobacco and hemp.

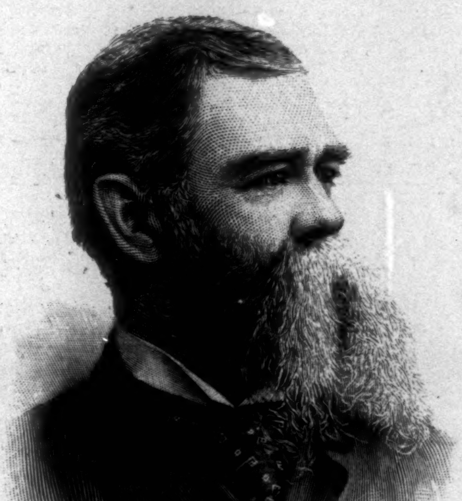
Among the Southern States in 1890 Kentucky stood first in the manufacturing of wool, and eighth in that of cotton.

The State has a great mining and manufacturing future, based on its extraordinary mineral and timber resources. It is rich in iron ores of great excellence, and has 15,680 square miles of coal-measures. It has the largest area of cannel, the largest area of high-grade coking coal, and the finest body of hard-wood forest to be found in this country, while no State in the Union has so great a system of natural waterways.

The largest tobacco markets, of their kind, in the world are located at Louisville and Henderson.

The true assessable wealth of the State, exclusive of railroad and certain other corporate property, listed for 1892, amounted to about $789,663,626, a gain of $270,644,843 since 1882.

Population in 1890, 1,590,462 white, and 268,071 colored—total, 1,858,533, a gain of 209,945 since 1880. About 96 per cent. were native born.



Elias Carr

Governor of North Carolina.

Permanent school fund, invested in bonds and bank stock, $2,389,127. State bonus, derived from foregoing and general taxation, in 1893, $2 50 *per caput*, which is equalled by that (derived from direct general taxation) of but few States.

Output of commercial coal in 1880, 914,000 short tons. Output in 1892, 3,026,482 short tons.

JOHN YOUNG BROWN.

STATE OF GEORGIA.

What does Georgia offer to those who seek homes and investments?

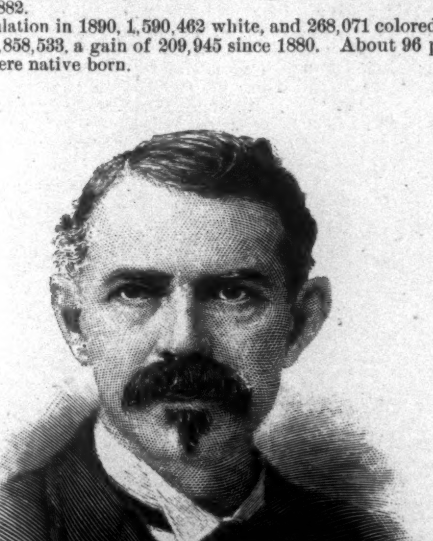
She offers cheap, comfortable homes amid a hospitable people in a genial climate. She offers to the farmer and gardener a soil that responds with bounteous harvests to his labor, and which produces everything that can be grown between the tropics and the arctic circle. The fruits of Italy, the grapes of France, the rice and tea of China, the cane and tobacco of Cuba, the grain and grass of the West, the live-stock of Ohio, the apples of New England, can all be raised with profit, while cotton is in its home, and vegetables, peaches, and melons attain to a perfection not found elsewhere.

Virgin forests, embracing many useful woods, stretch from border to border. Her yellow pine is at once the cheapest and the most valuable timber on the globe to-day.

Stored in the rich treasuries of her hills is an incalculable wealth of minerals. Her iron ore is equal to that of Norway, and her marble to that of Italy, while other natural resources abound, such as coal, building-stone, and slate, phosphates, marls, corundum, and gold.

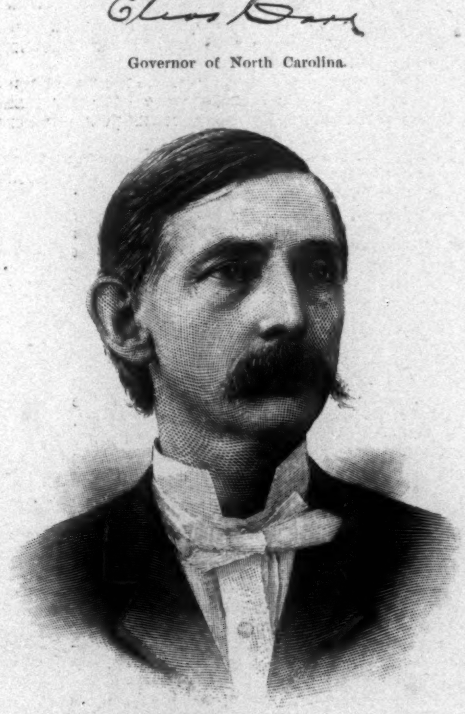
Her streams and rivers furnish an immeasurable power for manufacturing purposes, and her navigable rivers and her system of railroads offer every necessary facility for transportation.

But it has been charged that in this land of abundance and opportunity investments are not safe. This is false. Not only does money invested in Georgia yield profits undreamed of in the Old World, but it is as secure as in London or New York. The credit and honor of the State are



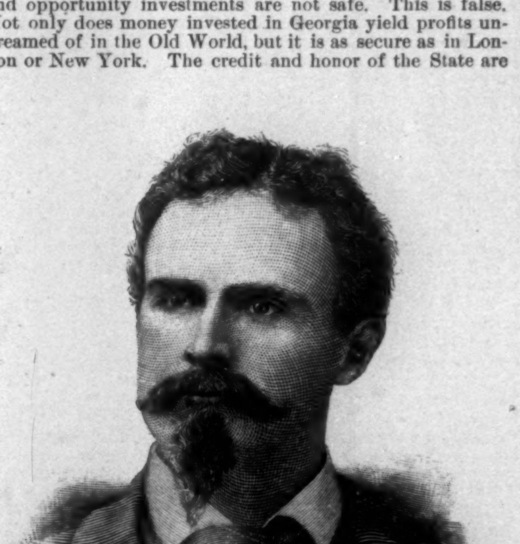
Thos. G. Jones

Governor of Alabama.



Wm. J. Stone

Governor of Missouri.



Wm. A. MacCorkle

Governor of West Virginia.

above suspicion, and both are pledged to make good every obligation assumed by herself or her people.

Stanhope Sams,
Secretary Executive Department.

STATE OF ARKANSAS.

We have in Arkansas one church to every three hundred and twenty-two and one school-house to every three hundred and seventy-five inhabitants. One college or seminary to every twenty-two thousand inhabitants.

In no country in the world of equal population are the laws more generally enforced and obeyed.

Our climate could hardly be improved. Our death rate, including even the swamp and overflowed districts, is much smaller than and our birth rate nearly double that of most of the Northern States.

The negro population is confined to the alluvial districts mostly. I travelled three hundred miles in a carriage last summer in Arkansas, and did not see half a dozen negroes on the entire route.

Our fruits have taken the premiums all over the United States, and but the other day, I am informed, the Agricultural Department at Washington reported Arkansas sorghum to be the best in the United States.

The census of 1880 shows the cash value per acre of our farm products exceeds that of any other State except Louisiana.

We have inexhaustible mineral resources, except the precious metals, and our timber resources are enormous, and comprise thirty odd varieties of commercial value. We have perhaps the most extensive and one of the finest marble fields in the Union. Our zinc supply is inexhaustible.

Our fields of enterprise are all new, and many of them entirely unoccupied. Fortune awaits energy and enterprise in almost every department of life here.

W. M. Fishback.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.

North Carolina is situated between parallels 34° and 37° and meridians 76° and 85°, having an extreme length of 500 miles and greatest breadth of 185 miles. The topography rises gradually from the Atlantic Ocean to the culminating point of the Appalachian chain, a height of 6711 feet above the sea. Passing between these two points, one beholds every variety of climate and soil, from the semitropical growth of palmetto and live-oak near Wilmington to the balsam-clad peaks of the Smokies in the west.

With health and climate as near perfect as that of any country under the sun, it is not wanting in any desirable requisite for the immigrant. Home-seekers need first to be convinced of the healthfulness of a climate to which they are invited. By reference to the sanitary department of the census reports it will be found that two of the three most healthy localities in the United States are to be found in North Carolina, and the entire State is remarkably exempt from that dread disease consumption, and epidemics of fatal diseases are unknown.

It is a well-known fact that in North Carolina *alone* are all the divisional columns of the census reports completely filled, with her great variety of agricultural products. The following are some exceptional yields per acre: 100 bushels of corn without fertilization; 250 bushels of peanuts; $600 worth of bright tobacco; 60 bushels of wheat, and a weight of 64 pounds per bushel; and in one instance 1000 bushels of potatoes.

Canning factories for oysters and truck in her eastern counties; the mining in the Piedmont and western section; the large manufacturing interest widely disseminated throughout the State, consisting in part of 160 cotton-mills, many of them paying an annual dividend of 25 per cent.; and last, but by no means least, a constitutional limitation to taxation, the caption tax being fixed at $2, and property restriction to 66⅔ cents, on each $100 worth.

Elias Carr.

STATE OF ALABAMA.

Alabama is a well-equipped State, and has entered with greatly encouraging results the race for a position of leadership among the commonwealths of the Union. The least flourishing of her institutions are her poorhouses. Not that her several counties have failed to make ample public provision for this last misfortune of poverty; but neither the very wealthy nor the very poor are numerous in Alabama, the comforts of life being well distributed, and the conditions of earning a livelihood easy beyond the thought of men in colder climes.

Alabama has an area of 52,250 square miles, is, as a whole, sparsely populated, one-half her arable lands being as yet untouched by the plough, vast stretches of her forests have never heard the ring of the woodman's axe, great areas of her mineral fields are still unexamined and unsurveyed, and the wealth of her rivers and her bays has as yet been little vexed by fishermen's fleets or the oysterman's intrusion. There is wealth to be garnered and work to do for five million thrifty people.

Since 1880, when the rebound from the disaster of civil war became effective, tax values have increased from $139,000,000 to $260,000,000, and the rate of taxation has decreased from 65 cents on the $100 to 50 cents on the $100. The acreage of cotton, the great money crop of the State, has increased from 2,330,000 acres to 2,761,000 acres, and the yield from 699,000 bales to 915,000 bales. The acreage of corn, the great food crop of the State, has increased from 2,056,000 acres to 2,513,000 acres, and the product from 29,079,000 bushels to 30,666,000 bushels. The production of pig-iron has increased from 77,000 tons per annum to 1,000,000 tons per annum. The number of blast-furnaces has increased from 15 to 52, and the capital invested from $3,000,000 to $16,500,000. The output of coal has increased from 340,000 tons to 6,000,000 tons, and the capital invested from $2,870,000 to $9,600,000. Saw-mills have increased from a number so small that no record was kept to more than 200, with an annual cut of 300,000,000 feet.

I speak for all the people in the State, a people world famous for their open-hearted generosity, hospitality, and candor, and a people eager for assistance in the development of their resources, when I say to every good man of every clime that he will be welcomed as one of us, and given an equal share with every other man in the struggle of life. We believe in Alabama that we have but entered on a career of development that assures munificent returns. We have done with rebuilding the shattered fortunes and structures of war. We are not hoarders of money, but are investing our all and bending our every energy to greet the first day of the twentieth century as a commonwealth prosperous in every department of human endeavor, and abreast with every improvement and condition of twentieth-century civilization. Come and join us.

Thomas G. Jones.

STATE OF MISSOURI.

Missouri is one of the largest States in the Union in area. It is the fifth State in population. Its chief city, St. Louis, also ranks as the fifth in point of population. Kansas City, on its western border, now has a population of about 150,000. St. Joseph, in the northwestern part of the State, has a population of about 75,000. Other cities in different parts of the State have populations ranging from 5000 to 35,000.

The chief industries of the people are agriculture, horticulture, mining, and manufacturing. The soil is rich and productive. Wheat, Indian-corn, oats, rye, barley, timothy, clover, blue-grass, and tobacco are produced in great abundance. A large amount of cotton is raised in the southeastern counties. Southern Missouri is the choice spot of the American continent for apples, peaches, plums, grapes, and berries. The largest peach orchard in the world is located in Howell County. All these fruits are grown abundantly in all parts of the State. There are large areas of excellent commercial timber, such as cypress, pine, walnut, hard maple, oak, ash, and hickory. Building-stone of a very fine quality and also fire-clays abound. Lead, zinc, and iron ores are mined in large quantities. Practically two-thirds of all the zinc mined in the United States is produced in Missouri. The central, northern, and western sections are underlaid with vast and inexhaustible beds of bituminous coal of fine quality. The State is a net-work of navigable streams and railroads. The public debt is small, about $6,500,000. The annual tax levied to support the State government amounts to only fifteen cents on the $100 valuation, and the valuation is low. Missouri has the largest available public-school fund of any State in the Union, and no State has a finer or more complete system of schools, public and private. Its educational, eleemosynary, and penal institutions are among the finest and best managed on the continent.

Missouri is the leading State of the Southwest, and in all respects the greatest State west of the Mississippi. It is essentially a new State. Its population is composed of those who have come from every State in the Union, and from nearly every country in Europe. They are a wide-awake, progressive, moral, high-minded, hospitable people. No State can offer greater inducements to immigrants desiring pleasant homes, or to capital seeking safe and profitable investment.

William J. Stone.

STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA.

In a national convention ten years ago a newspaper reporter mentioned a recalcitrant member as hailing from the "Little Wild State of West Virginia." Would that be true to-day?

The State is three times larger than Massachusetts.

In West Virginia there is the largest nail-mill in the world. There are invested in the industries of Wheeling alone ten million dollars, with annual sales aggregating fifty millions.

In 1880 railroad mileage was 691 miles; in 1892 it was 1700—the second State in the Union in railroad building.

In 1880 the "Big Injun" sand was not touched; to-day oil output is 625,000 barrels per month—the second oil-producing State. The rich Gordon and Berea sands only touched in two places. The Sistersville field is to-day the greatest oil-producing field.

In 1880 we produced 1,404,008 tons of coal; 1892 produced 8,710,888 tons, making the fourth coal-producing State.

In 1880 we produced 121,715 tons of coke; 1892, 1,313,668 tons, making second coke State. New River coke outselling Connellsville in Chicago. The great Pittsburg seam scarcely touched.

We have 16,000 square miles of coals, making our coal area the greatest.

In Flat Top region, in 1880, there was nothing but a wilderness. Last year the coal output was 2,300,000 tons; the coke, more than 400,000 tons.

We have largest area of hard-wood in the Union, good iron ore, fine glass sand and salt water, splendid building-stone.

Our taxes are only 3½ mills on the dollar for State purposes. Our school system is excellent; with less than a million people, we spent last year $1,400,000 for education. The State has not a dollar of debt.

Our natural resources of forest, farm, and mine are boundless, our people rapidly progressive; we have low taxes, a salubrious climate; no locusts, grasshoppers, cyclones, or droughts.

We offer the heartiest welcome to our Northern and Eastern friends desiring to change their homes. This welcome is especially extended to the small farmer; for him, in our fertile soil, is every possible hope of success, both in regular agricultural lines and in fruits. The State is the gateway between the West and North, and it is right at the market.

William A. MacCorkle.

DIFFERENCES BETWEEN DOCTORS.

A **newspaper** report, which reads as though it were based upon full information, says that the Board of Managers of the Mount Vernon Hospital, in Westchester County, has refused to admit any homœopathic physicians to the house staff of the hospital, and that the homœopathic doctors of Mount Vernon are very wroth in consequence. They say that part of the money for the hospital was contributed by persons of homœopathic preferences, who expected that their doctors should "have a hack" (as the vulgar put it) at some of the patients. But the regulars will not have it so. They are in, and have succeeded, with the connivance of the Board of Managers, in devoting the entire hospital to allopathic experiments, and Westchester County resounds in consequence with homœopathic lamentations.

So runs the newspaper's story, and it all sounds credible, because it is not really a new story, but an old and familiar one in a new setting. It is a sad plight for those homœopaths, for their case is probably hopeless, since all followers of Hahnemann will agree that there is only one thing that it is harder to get out of a hospital than an allopathic doctor, and that of course is his patient. Not but that a homœopath is just as bad if once he gets a footing inside. The truth of the matter seems to be that physicians are very troublesome in hospitals anyway. A suspicion is current that in a hospital that accepts his gratuitous services a doctor is only saved by grace and wisdom from being an egregious despot. Grace and wisdom are vouchsafed to physicians in comparatively ample measure, but occasionally one of them misses his share, and if he is a hospital doctor, it is only a question of how long it will take him to get the hospital into the newspapers, or at least into bankruptcy. The only thing that ever stumps a hospital doctor is his Board of Managers. Usually he has his board under abject control, but once in a great while the two come to loggerheads and have to be separated. There is a hospital in (or very near) New York in which this happened not long ago. Owing to some lack of humility on the part of the board, the entire outfit of physicians resigned, and the board had to hire a substitute to do their work. At last accounts that hospital was still open and apparently doing a fairly successful business.

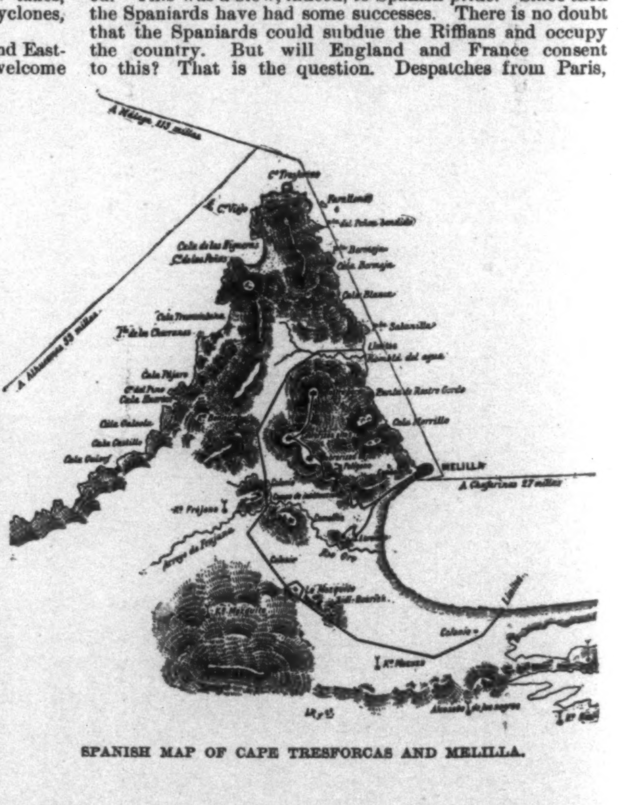
Doctors have improved in some respects since they dropped the tonsorial end of their vocation, but in many particulars they have retrograded. They know more than they used to. They cure now in a good many cases wherein their predecessors usually killed. But since they have given up shaving and cutting hair they have lost very much of their old-time meekness. They are not as good gossips as they were either, and they cost a great deal more than they did. There are occasional signs of dissatisfaction with them. The faith-curists, for instance, are persuaded that they are no good; and an odd story comes from London that the Duke of Westminster, one of the greatest of London landlords, is tired of the whole healing brood, and has given orders to his agents to make no new lease of any house of his to any surgeon, physician, medical man, or dentist. No one has guessed as yet just what has set the duke against the doctors, and he himself declines to explain, but it seems obvious enough that he has had his eye on them, and has determined that doctors and dukes cannot thrive in the same neighborhood, because there is not power enough to go around. He has noticed, of course, that any doctor has more real power than any duke, and perhaps he does not like it.

The only civilized contemporary who does not bow down before the doctor is his brother of the rival school. He will have none of his nonsense, and is always ready to take him by the throat and shake it out of him. Of course, in the good time coming, the homœopath and allopath will lie down together, and the Christian scientist will treat them, but it may be some years yet before that happens; and meanwhile, in view of the tendencies of the rival schools to distrust one another's methods, hospital boards who think that a single persuasion of doctors is enough for any one hospital are entitled at least to the forbearing judgment of their fellows. What the homœopathic doctors at Mount Vernon will probably have to do is to build a hospital for themselves, or, if that is impracticable at present, and their distress is keen, it might relieve them (and it would be cheaper) to hire an air-gun and fire pellets at a mark.

THE WAR ABOUT MELILLA.

A **religious** war in which a European power is engaged seems an anachronism so near to the beginning of the twentieth century. But there appears to be no other satisfactory cause for the little disturbance between the Spaniards and Moors in Morocco than the desire on the part of the tribesmen, or the Riffians, as the inhabitants of the mountainous regions in which Melilla is situated are called, to extend Mohammedanism and the old hatred which has made the Spaniards for centuries enthuse over the battle-cry, "War against the Moor." The Spaniards have occupied Melilla since the sixteenth century, but they have not extended their occupation much further, nor has European civilization had any apparent effect upon these Riffians. It is said that for centuries, whenever Spain has wanted to give her army a little practical experience in warfare, a quarrel has been picked with the Moors. That may be the cause of the present war, and it may be that there is a less idle excuse, and that the Spaniards wish to crush out the smuggling by which the English and French get an advantage of the Spanish in trade. But the old religious antagonism is always sufficient to get up a little war.

At this writing several small battles have been fought. At first the Spanish were rather worsted, and General Margallo, the commander-in-chief of the Spanish troops at Melilla, was killed, and his troops driven back to the citadel with a loss of seventy killed and one hundred and twenty wounded. This was a blow, indeed, to Spanish pride. Since then the Spaniards have had some successes. There is no doubt that the Spaniards could subdue the Riffians and occupy the country. But will England and France consent to this? That is the question. Despatches from Paris,



SPANISH MAP OF CAPE TRESFORCAS AND MELILLA.

Madrid, and London indicate that the members of the diplomatic corps are about to take an active hand in the quarrel.

Since the occupation of Melilla by the Spaniards, as has been said, no serious impression has been made upon the Riffians. The conquerors remain shut up in their fortifications, and the gates of the town are closed at nightfall. Should Melilla be evacuated, in a few days not a trace of the centuries of occupation would remain. One-half hour's gallop would take a traveller into one of the most unknown countries in the world—a land in which the inhabitants can see from their hill-tops the commerce of the world passing at their feet through the Strait of Gibraltar. The Riff is not a desert, as some have asserted, but on the contrary is cultivated in some places like a market garden. The population is thick, and here and there are little towns. A few Spanish explorers at great risk have passed through the country. Save for their meagre reports, though separated only fifteen miles by water from Europe, the country is little known. In type, in habits, and in walk the Riffs more nearly resemble Europeans than Arabs, being burly of frame, often ruddy in complexion, and totally lacking in that grace of manner and distinction of bearing so characteristic of genuine Arabs.

HARPER'S WEEKLY AND THE WORLD'S FAIR.

A LIST OF WORLD'S FAIR SUBJECTS PICTORIALLY TREATED IN THE FOLLOWING NUMBERS OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

Any of these numbers can be had from the publishers at ten cents a copy.

1753. Officers of the World's Columbian Commission.

1763. Colonel George R. Davis, Director-General. Hon. James A. McKenzie, Chief Assistant.

1778. Proposed Plans and Sites.

1789. The Government Building. The Sham Battle-ship.

1791. Bird's-eye View.

1792. The Woman's Building. Miss Minerva Parker. Columbian Monument. Queen Isabella Pavilion.

1793. The Electrical Building. The Mines Building.

1794. The Agricultural Building. The Administration Building.

1795. View looking south through the Lagoon.

1796. The Pier and the Casino.

1797. The Machinery Hall.

1800. The Transportation Building. The Horticultural Building.

1805. The Administration Building.

1806. World's Fair Officers—Moses P. Handy; Hon. Benjamin Butterworth; Halsey E. Ives; W. T. Baker; Charles L. Hutchinson; Anthony F. Seeberger.

1811. View of the Art Building.

1812. World's Fair Commissioners Abroad.

1813. The Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building.

1818. The Massachusetts Building.

1822. The Present State of the Grounds and Buildings—Six Illustrations.

1826. Bird's-eye View of the Buildings and Grounds as they will appear in 1893—Four-page Supplement.

1829. A Visit to the Roof of the Woman's Building.

1832. The Allegorical Group of War for the Administration Building.

1833. Sketches of World's Fair Buildings—Five Illustrations.

1834. Proposed New York State Building—the Van Rensselaer Manor-House. The Art Institute. The Administration, the Mines, and the Electricity Buildings.

1835. Working under Canvas on the Mines Building.

1837. The Congressional Visit to Chicago.

1838. The Statue of "The Republic." Placing Exterior Decorations.

1839. One of the large Iron Arches for the Machinery Building in Place. Plasterers at Work.

1840. The Great Derrick.

1841. The Grand Court.

1842. Bits about the Grounds—Four Illustrations.

1843. The Pennsylvania State Building. In the Designing-Room, Bureau of Construction.

1845. The Buildings from the Wooded Island. A Sculptor's Studio. Details of the Fisheries Building. Sunday Visitors at Jackson Park. Workers in Staff. Constructing the Manufactures Building. The North Dakota Building. The Wisconsin Building. The Government Building.

1848. Quitting Hour at Jackson Park.

1849. Pay-Day at the Fair Grounds.

1853. Portion of West Front of the Agricultural Building.

1854. Buildings in Course of Construction—Nine Illustrations.

1858. Figure of "Fire" for Machinery Hall. The British Building. Models for Live-stock Entrance.

1859. The Manufactures Building—View from Lake Shore. The Minnesota Building. The Georgia Building. The Ohio Building. The New York Building.

1861. Pediment for Agricultural Building.

1863. Interior of Manufactures Building, showing Base of one of the great Arches.

1865. The Golden Doorway—Main Entrance to Transportation Building. The Manufactures Building, looking northeast. The Administration Building. Statues for the Agricultural Building. South End of the Mines Building. The Algerian Village. The Workmen's Noonday Meal.

1867. Architectural Bits at the World's Fair.

1871. The Dedication Ceremonies in the Manufactures Building. Mural Decorations in the Manufactures Building. The Triumphal Arch and some Street Decorations. The New York Building. Dedication Ceremonies: the Grand Court.

1875. The Horticultural Building.

1876. The Gallery of Fine Arts.

1878. Decoration at the southern Entrance of the Agricultural Building.

1880. A Group of State Buildings—Indiana, Rhode Island, Iowa, West Virginia, Kansas, Connecticut, South Dakota, Arkansas, and Illinois Buildings.

1882. The Woman's Building.

1884. The Kalsomining Machine for covering large Surfaces.

1888. The Statue of "The Republic."

1890. East Entrance to the Horticultural Building.

1891. At Work on the Japanese Building. Buildings at the Columbian Exposition—the Utah, Haiti, Clam-bake, Maryland, Missouri, and Florida Buildings

1893. The United States Corner in the Manufactures Building.

1894. Finishing the large Statues.

1895. Unpacking Exhibits in the Art Gallery.

1896. South Entrance to the Electricity Building.

1899. South Entrance to the Manufactures Building. The Opening Ceremonies—the Presidential Party; President Cleveland passing the Manufactures Building; Introducing President Cleveland to the Foreign Commissioners; looking towards Fountain and Manufactures Building; looking south across Plaza east of Administration Building at the Moment the President touched the Button. The Midway Plaisance. The Central Power Plant annexed to Machinery Hall. The Golden Doorway to the Transportation Building. General View of the Buildings from the Lake, and the Peristyle as seen from the Grand Court (Four-page Supplement). The Chicago Hussars.

1900. The Sunday Crowd besieging the Gates. The German Village. The Turks and their Sedan Chair in the Midway Plaisance. Wall of the Hungarian Village. Entrance to the Turkish Theatre. Javanese at Work. Dedication of the Swedish Building.

1901. The Macmonnies Fountain in the Grand Court. The Obelisk and Entrance to the Stock Pavilion. North Entrance to the Machinery Building.

1902. South Entrance to the Mines Building. Hooden, or Phœnix Hall. The Boone and Crockett Club. The Missouri Building.

1903. Sunday opening of the Fair—the Crowd entering the Grounds. Venetian Gondolas on the Lagoon.

1904. In the Manufactures Building. In and about the Midway Plaisance.

1905. In the Terminal Station. Big Guns in the War Department, Government Building. The Grand Court at Night—Electrical Illumination of Macmonnies's Fountain and the Administration Building.

1906. Dedication of the German Building. The World's Congress of Beauty in the Procession. An Egyptian Marriage in the Cairo Street. Procession of Foreign Peoples from the Midway Plaisance.

1907. In the India Building. The great Ferris Wheel.

1908. The Fourth of July Crowds going to the Fair Grounds.

1909. Burning of the Cold-storage Warehouse.

1911. Half-Way up the Ferris Wheel. An Evening Concert near the Administration Building. The Johnson Family on the Midway Plaisance.

1912. The Johnson Family visit Jackson Park in the Evening.

1913. The Johnson Family visit the Dahoman Village.

1914. An Evening at Old Vienna. The Post-office in the Government Building. The Johnson Family in Cairo Street.

1915. A Hot Day at the Fair. An Evening on the Lagoon. Mr. Johnson hires a Roller-Chair.

1916. Aboard the Battle-Ship. British Empire Day at the Fair—trooping the Colors. Visitors in the Fisheries Building. The Johnson Family in the Esquimau Village.

1917. In the Cairo Street. The Johnson Family visit Lady Aberdeen's Irish Village and Blarney Castle.

1918. The English Military Tournament. Section of a great Ocean Steamship in the Transportation Building. The Johnson Family visit the Village of the South Sea Islanders. The Lake Shore, looking north.

1919. At the Javanese Theatre in Midway Plaisance. The Russian Horse Exhibit. The Johnson Family ride in a Gondola. At the Arab Fantasiya.

1920. The Midway Plaisance at Night. The Johnson Family witness the Drill of the Life-saving Crew. The Dance of the Dahomans in the Midway Plaisance.

1921. The Grand Arch of the Peristyle. The Johnson Family visit the Lapland Village.

1922. Chicago Day at Night: the Grand Court from the Peristyle; Fireworks on Lake Front. The Night Pageant on Chicago Day. The Chicago Day Crowd in the Court of Honor. The Drill of the Life-saving Crew. The Johnson Family visit the German Village. Sketches in the Midway Plaisance.

1923. Waiting for the Fireworks. Bedouins Dancing their National Dance, Midway Plaisance. The Javanese Dancing Girls. AN EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, CONTAINING THIRTY-EIGHT INTERIOR VIEWS OF THE VARIOUS BUILDINGS.

1924. Manhattan's great Day. Lady Aberdeen's Irish Village; seven Illustrations. The Johnson Family rest at the Kentucky State Building. A Page from the Fine Arts Building. Search-lights on the Balloon. The Night Pageant. AN EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, CONTAINING TWENTY-NINE INTERIOR VIEWS OF THE VARIOUS BUILDINGS.

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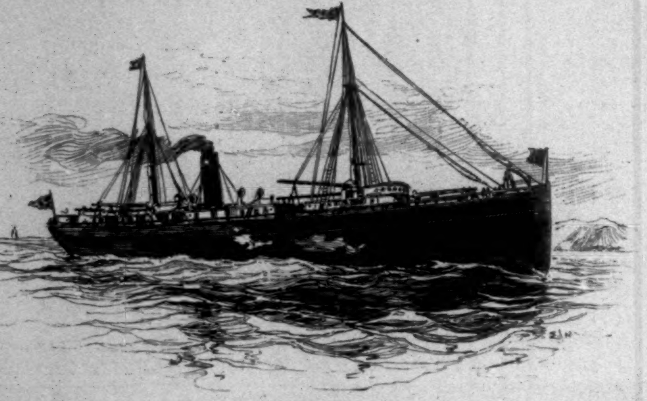
"EL CID" AND "FEISEEN."

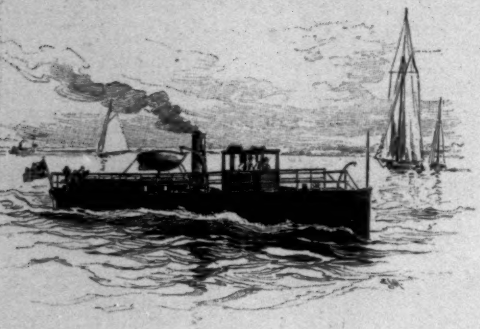
Political sympathies have comparatively little to do with the general interest aroused by the purchase of several fleet American steam-vessels by representatives of the recognized government of Brazil for use against Admiral Mello's rebel fleet.

That *El Cid*, the fastest merchant steamer, and *Feiseen*, the speediest pleasure craft, ever built in the United States, are being entirely fitted in this country for their deadly mission, has brought to the interested attention of the world the rapid progress made by Uncle Sam in the arts and sciences of naval warfare.



"EL CID."

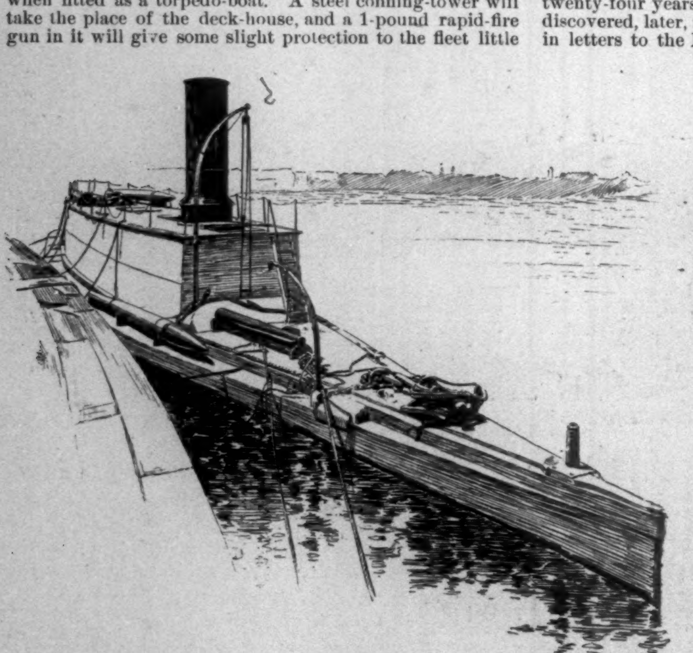
In *El Cid* Brazil will have a steel ship of a gross tonnage of 4600, with a recorded speed averaging 18¾ knots during a voyage from New Orleans to New York. She is 460 feet long over all, 380 feet 8.5 inches on the water-line, and draws 23 feet when loaded. She will have the distinction, or perhaps the fate, of being the first naval structure to use dynamite in actual warfare. For this purpose she is being fitted with a dynamite gun weighing 43 tons, which moves on a circular track on the bow. Compressed air is the medium by which the projectiles with their destructive charge of nitro-glycerine will be propelled. The smallest charge of 200 pounds of explosive is four times greater than the largest quantity heretofore used experimentally; 500 pounds is the maximum charge, and will be contained in tubular shells of a like weight. What the destructive power of the latter quantity is can barely be estimated.



"FEISEEN."

In the limited time allowed for the partial improvement of the vessel's armament a protection against any but musketry fire is out of the question. *El Cid* will therefore greatly depend upon ordnance of a different character to make possible the use of the dynamite gun, with its limited range of 6000 yards. For that purpose she will carry two 55-pound rapid-fire guns, two 33-pounders, two 14-pounders, and twelve 6-pounders. The latter will be placed in the deck-house.

Feiseen is a marine wonder, having once developed a speed of 31.67 miles during a run of seven miles. She is constructed of mahogany and oak, and will be 81 feet long when fitted as a torpedo-boat. A steel conning-tower will take the place of the deck-house, and a 1-pound rapid-fire gun in it will give some slight protection to the fleet little craft. The torpedo-tube will move on a pivot forward, and thus have a range of nearly 180 degrees. She is to be carried to Brazil on the deck of *El Cid*. The Ericsson torpedo-boat *Destroyer* has also been bought in this country by the Brazilian government. Coincident with these purchases are naval preparations on the part of Brazil in England and France.



"DESTROYER."

Whether the formidable fleet thus acquired, which is to meet at some Brazilian port, presumably Pernambuco, whence, under the command of Admiral Cordovio Mauritz, it is to sail to the relief of Rio, will succeed or not in crushing the rebellious Mello is an interesting question. Upon its answer will largely depend the future of naval warfare. If it establish that dynamite can be safely handled aboard ship under the emergencies and stress of battle, then the age of gunpowder and armor-plate will be superseded by that of nitroglycerine and speed.

M. de Lipman.

THE CHICAGO TRAGEDY.

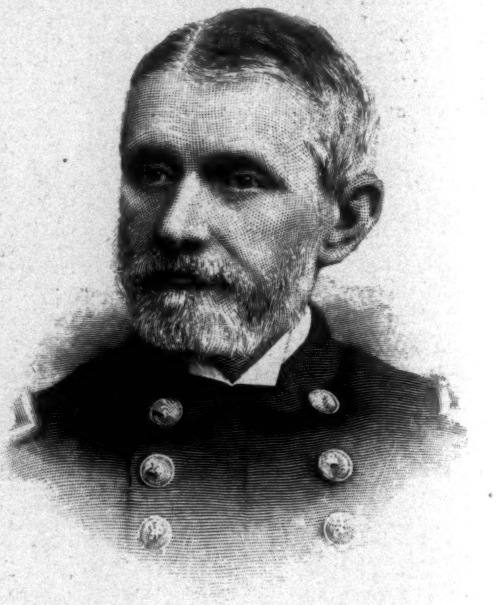
The murder of Carter Harrison, the Mayor of Chicago, on Saturday, October 28th, was precisely such a crime as those which robbed the nation of two Chief Magistrates. It was startling beyond all proportion to the office held by the victim, because Mr. Harrison had become a national figure. He had served in Congress, and had been twice elected Mayor of Chicago before he achieved that place again this year. Between these periods of public service he had addressed himself to the whole country in speeches, in interviews, and in letters, and at least one book descriptive of his travels abroad. Finally he had become the executive of the city government during the period of the World's Fair, securing his election by a campaign which revealed to the fullest extent the versatile genius of the man and the deep hold he had upon the masses of the people, for he was opposed by all the leading newspapers except the one he owned, and by the majority of the more thoughtful and sagacious people of his city. The campaign was of such a nature and was so managed as to attract the attention of the whole country, and helped to make him more than ever an object of general interest.

After his election the Columbian Exposition gave him frequent opportunities to address the city's visitors, to entertain them, and to speak for Chicago. These not only extended but improved his reputation, for, apart from his peculiar principles and practices in politics, he was marvellously well equipped for this uncommon test, and carried his honors brilliantly and easily. He had read widely and deeply, he had travelled far and often, he knew men and manners very well, and he was kindly, witty, engaging, wise, and even brilliant. More than all, he admired and loved Chicago, and was able to speak for it with a voice that echoed the subtlest as well as the deepest notes of its enthusiastic pride in its own achievements. Thrice he had swept the majority of the people along with him to the polls, and at last he made them admire him more than ever. Such was the man who was horribly murdered without warning, and, so far as is known, for no specific fault of his own. He was the idol of the masses in his city, and their instant anger and subsequent grief were sufficiently deep to astonish and impress the nation.

Patrick Eugene John Prendergast, his assassin, is believed to be a maniac. If he is shamming, the fact has not yet been made apparent. He seems to have worked in a very humble way for the election of Carter Harrison, and the expectation that he was to be rewarded with an office grew in his disordered mind until he seems to have fancied that Mr. Harrison had promised to employ him in the city government. His failure to obtain a place took the form in his mind, as it had in that of Guiteau, the murderer of President Garfield, of a breach of faith on the part of his victim. Whether there was any basis for this, whether he ever applied for a place, and, if so, what treatment he received, are matters unknown. He was himself unknown to the politicians and the public until, on that Saturday evening, he called upon the Mayor at his residence, and, with an angry declaration that he had come to get satisfaction, shot him three times—in the abdomen, near the heart, and in the hand. Carter Harrison lived only seventeen minutes. When taken into custody, Prendergast, who is only about twenty-four years of age, was dressed as a laborer. It was discovered, later, that his mental disorder had revealed itself in letters to the Mayor upon other matters than his failure to get office, and also to United States Senators upon the financial bill that was occupying the attention of Congress at that time. Unfortunately, his murderous tendency was not suspected.

Carter Harrison was born in Kentucky, of good parentage, in 1825. He claimed that his grandfather was a brother of President William Henry Harrison. He was graduated at Yale in 1845, and at thirty years of age he went to Chicago. He was a Democrat, and as such was elected to the Forty-fourth Congress. As a Democrat he was elected Mayor in 1879, but in 1890, when he sought another term in that office, he failed to secure the nomination from his party. He ran independently, and was elected by a handsome majority, despite formidable opposition. Again this year, though the regular nominee of his party, he met with and triumphed over great and determined opposition. He believed in making office the reward of party service. He carried this system to such an extreme that, at least during one term as Mayor, he personally distributed all the patronage of the city government, not disdaining to appoint even the scrub-women and lamplighters. Another Mayor of Chicago once said of this plan that it left the Mayor no time for the performance of any other duty. Carter Harrison believed that gambling, the social evil, the grog-shop nuisance, and kindred evils were ineradicable, and he preferred to recognize and govern rather than oppose them. The effect of these views of his duties during previous terms as Mayor was such as to arouse the opposition over which he so signally triumphed at the polls. Yet it is but just to add that of his last service, so terribly abbreviated, his critics remember only his distinguished and enthusiastic work as spokesman for the city during the exposition.

The funeral of the late Mayor took place on Wednesday, November 1st, and the grief-stricken citizens combined to pay unusual honor to his memory. The pageant, the crowds, and the general grief will be long remembered. The honorary pall-bearers were chosen from among the most eminent men of Chicago. They were Thomas W. Palmer, Harlow N. Higinbotham, Major-General Nelson A. Miles, ex-Governor Richard Oglesby, Ferdinand W. Peck, Judge Lyman Trumbull, Frederick H. Winston, General Charles Fitzsimmons, H. J. Jones, C. K. G. Billings, Adolf Kraus, Philip D. Armour, Frank Wenter, ex-Mayor John A. Roche, ex-Mayor Joseph Medill, ex-Mayor Washburne, Judge Francis Adams, Judge B. D. Magruder, Judge C. P. McConnell, and R. A. Waller.



ACTING REAR-ADMIRAL OSCAR F. STANTON, U. S. N.

THE RECALL OF ADMIRAL STANTON.

On one occasion, during his command of the European squadron after the civil war, Admiral Worden, the hero of the *Monitor* and *Merrimac* episode, was fired upon by a Turkish fort as he was steaming by it in his flag-ship. In an instant the order was given to beat to quarters, and had the shot been repeated, a broadside from the flag-ship would have been the answer to this distinct challenge of war. Fortunately, instead of the expected demonstration of hostility, an apology was received from the Turkish officials for what had been the blunder of some subordinate.

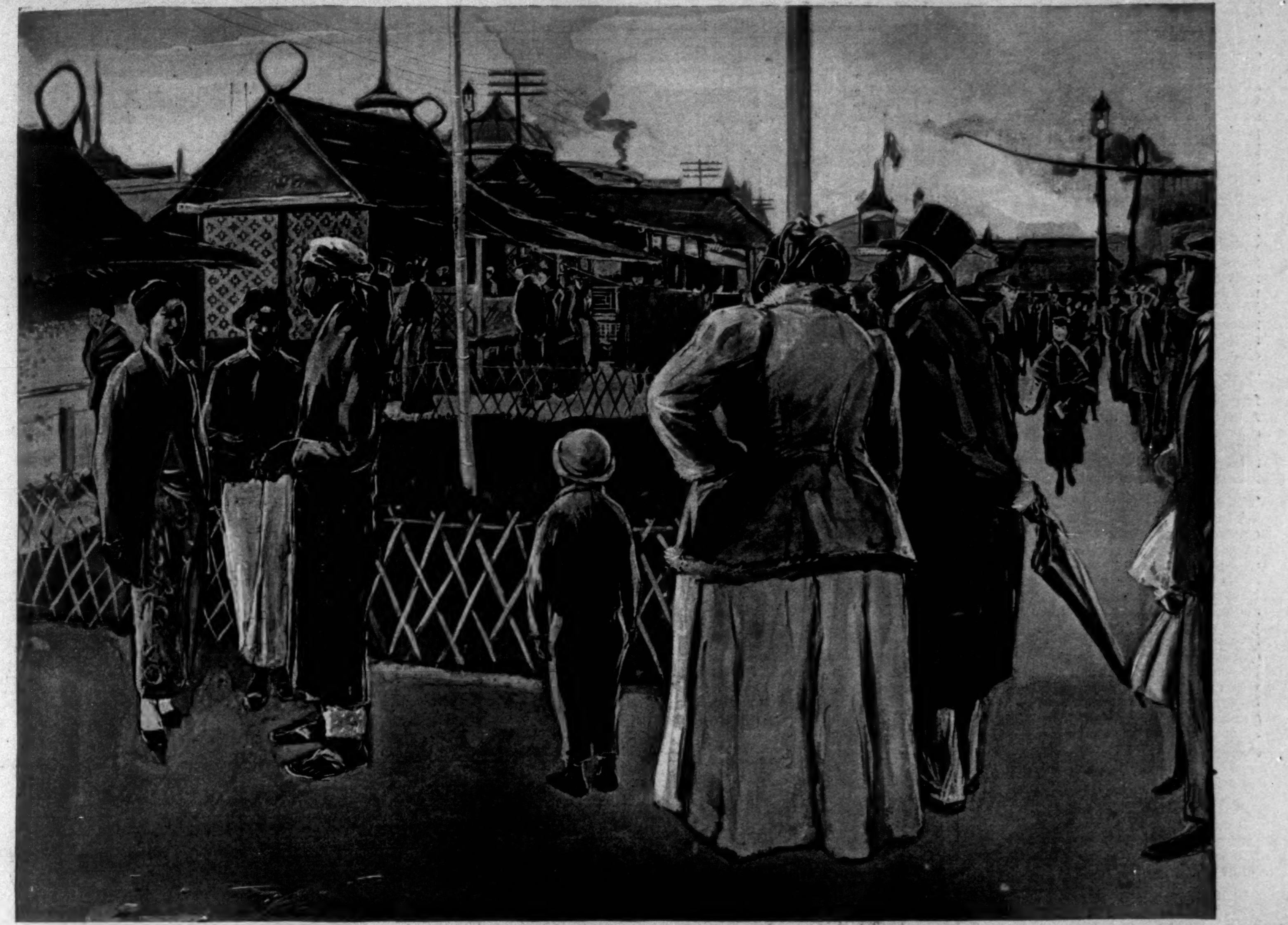
This incident shows how ready a trained navy officer is to act with promptness upon occasion, and how necessary it is for him to deal with a *prima facie* case without waiting for investigations or instructions. Our officers afloat have often won the applause of the country by the readiness they have shown to act upon their own judgment in a difficult situation, and there are not wanting examples of a disposition to hold them to a strict accountability when the situation they have created has proved embarrassing to the government. The Ingraham-Koster affair and the Mason and Slidell imbroglio are cases in point.

The action of Commodore and Acting Rear-Admiral Stanton in saluting the flag and returning the visit of the rebel Brazilian Admiral Mello is to be considered in the light of naval training and navy precedents. In the absence of proof to the contrary, it may be assumed that an officer of his experience will be able to offer satisfactory explanation of his conduct. The matter of salutes between vessels of different nations is regulated by international agreement, and our navy regulations require officers to observe certain rules "in which the maritime powers generally have concurred." These rules direct the prompt return of visits and salutes from foreign war-vessels, and when the officer extending the courtesy is of or above the grade of captain the flag-officer must return the visit in person. It is true the navy regulations forbid the firing of a salute "in honor of any nation or of any official of any nation not formally recognized by the government of the United States," but will it not be difficult to show that Commodore Stanton has violated this regulation? It is to be remembered that our officers in Chilian waters were subjected to the harshest criticism because they did not show more favor to what proved in the end to be the winning faction in the Chilian civil war.

"They who in quarrels interpose must often wipe a bloody nose," says Hudibras, and the perils that environ those who interpose in domestic difficulties of any sort are well known. They will be damned if they do, and they will be damned if they don't. It is with the Brazilian nation that we must deal in the end, and possibly Commodore Stanton on the ground may have been as well situated to determine as those at home how far the circumstances required him to follow the strict letter of the regulations.

The instinct of fraternity between navy men, without regard to nationality, is undoubtedly strong, and this has been intensified by the incidents of our recent centennial parade, in which Admiral Mello took part. It is not impossible that this may have had its influence upon the action of the acting rear-admiral. A striking instance of this fraternity is found in the action of Commodore Tatnall, then of our service, and later a Confederate rear-admiral, in joining in a British attack on Chinese forts. The exclamation of "Old Tat" on that occasion, "Blood is thicker than water," still rings in the ears of Englishmen.

William Conant Church.



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE JOHNSON FAMILY VISITS THE JAVANESE VILLAGE.

MRS. JOHNSON. "W'AT'S DEM RINGS ON DE ROOFS OB DE HOUSES FO', EZWELL?"
MR. JOHNSON. "TER KYARRY UM BY, I S'POSE. DEY'S ALL BROUGHT FROM DE OLE KENTRY."

AMATEVR SPORT

This department went to press Thursday, November 2d.

EVERY SPORTSMAN, WHETHER AMERICAN OR ENGLISH, must regret Lord Dunraven did not sail away with that statement in his pocket which he left for publication. There was no occasion whatever for any statement from Dunraven, except so far as the future movements of the *Valkyrie* were concerned, and in this one peevishness and disappointment make a combination that grates on the sportsmen's sense of propriety. We admire a good loser, and Dunraven has not placed himself in such a light before us. To say the *Vigilant* did not fairly demonstrate her superiority as an all-round boat is to give the lie to facts demonstrated in five races where the conditions were equal, and it is crabbed persistence to claim the races indecisive as to the merits of the two boats. We are glad the *Valkyrie* will be laid up here this winter, and that she will race in our regattas next season. We respect Dunraven's opinion of his boat, but we beg him to take his beating, which was fair and square, like a sportsman. And next season we will race him with our other two 85-footers, *Jubilee* and *Colonia*.

THE COMMENTS OF THE LONDON "FIELD" are so warped in assertions and conclusions, that we cannot overlook making them a matter of record here for future reference, even though it is so long past the *America's* Cup races. Probably there is no more effective manner of doing this than by publishing excerpts from the article in question, that American yachtsmen all over the land may read for themselves:

> "It is not surprising to find an impression prevailing that our yachts do not sail as well in American waters as they do at home; in fact, that directly they enter upon a contest for the *America's* Cup they 'go all to pieces' in their sailing. The mere effect wrought upon the imagination by the defeat of the yacht which had been so successful at home is sufficient to account for this impression, but in reality there is good reason for its existence. In the first place, it must be remembered that, so far as the sailing-master is concerned, he is placed in a novel situation; that is, the courses are fresh to him, and so are the whole surroundings—including the phalanx of steamboats and their hideously distracting greetings. With regard to the yacht herself, she usually undergoes some alterations in hull, ballasting, trim, and sail plan at the last moment before starting to cross the Atlantic, and in the end has to enter upon the contests without proper trials to determine the value of such alterations."

If the British yachts do not sail as well in American as in English waters, no tangible evidence of their retrogression has ever been forth-coming. On the contrary, from all the figures obtainable, and the observation of American yachtsmen, the British boats sail quite as well in our as in their home waters. Certainly none that ever came over here went "to pieces."

So far as the "courses being fresh" to the visiting boat, it is well known that our courses are the fairest in the world, and, as compared with those in British waters, they are the simple A B C's of the sailing-master. The performance of the *Valkyrie* in a couple of the races, where jockeying for wind tested the two sailing-masters, proved her to be entirely equal to solving the mysteries of our "fresh courses." Not only are our courses unusually fair, but *Valkyrie* had one of the best pilots on the coast, to say nothing of her very able captain.

"THE PHALANX OF STEAMBOATS" has been talked of and written about until one who had not been at the races might be pardoned for imagining they had really steamed right alongside the *Valkyrie* and taken her wind. As a matter of plain fact, there was no time in the entire series of races that the British boat's performance was handicapped by the accompanying "steamboat phalanx." The only time in the series that one of the racers was actually bothered was in the final race, and then *Vigilant*, not *Valkyrie*, was the sufferer. And this is asserted after having followed the yachts in every race of the series. That the great interest displayed by Americans (attested by the thousands who crowded the steamboats) may have surprised Lord Dunraven is probably true, but to claim his yacht's work suffered in consequence, as compared with *Vigilant's*, is a statement utterly without foundation. Speaking of "fresh courses," those of Great Britain are well known to be the most difficult of racing waters for a visiting yacht; but we call Lord Dunraven's and the *Field's* attention to the fact that their notoriously "fresh courses" have not been even referred to in American newspaper comments on the *Navahoe's* performances over there this past season.

WHAT LITTLE ALTERATION DUNRAVEN had done to the *Valkyrie* after her arrival on this side turned out to greatly favor her performance. He lightened her up, and shortened her l. w. l., thus obtaining more time allowance from the *Vigilant*, and increased her sail spread somewhat by a longer boom, besides strengthening her canvas with battens. All the races but the last one were sailed in light to good racing weather; but in the last race, which was in a heavy blow and nasty sea, *Valkyrie* had taken on enough lead to lower her in the water quite a bit, and consequently give her additional stability in a seaway. Neither American yachtsmen nor the newspapers made comment on Dunraven's shortening and lengthening his boat's l. w. l. to suit the weather conditions.

> "We cannot say that it is altogether satisfactory, from a sporting point of view, that a yacht should visit a foreign country and sail herself out in a number of open matches, like *Navahoe* did here, and finally compete for international challenge cups; but it is at least more satisfactory to the challenger, and we cannot help thinking that any future British yacht which challenges for the *America's* Cup should get over to the other side early in July and take part in every available race."

On this point, at least, the *Field* is level: the next challenger they send should reach here early enough in the season to allow the races to come off on the scheduled dates. The late arrival of the *Valkyrie* necessitated the postponement of the contests, and in one way and another upset individual plans at much individual expense.

> "We have all along expressed an opinion that in anything like a breeze *Vigilant* would prove too powerful a craft for *Valkyrie*, and after her performance on Monday last, there can be no possible doubt about this. In fact, as we said three weeks ago, if *Valkyrie* wins a race, it will be in a light wind. Unfortunately this wind must be so light that it is not possible to sail the course of thirty miles in the prescribed time of six hours; and although *Valkyrie* may make an exemplary display of light-wind sailing, she cannot win a race on these special merits. The time limit, from one point of view, is a good one, but we question whether a seven or even an eight hours' limit would not be fairer and more desirable. It is all very well to say a six-hours' limit, while preventing a drifting match, insures a trial of fairly high speed; but we must remember that one great feature manifested by the improvement in modern yachts is their capability in very light airs, and this capability under some conditions is quite as valuable, and perhaps more so, than half a knot difference of speed in a smartly moving breeze."

How much chance the *Valkyrie* had in light or moderate air almost every school-boy in America knows by this time, but we may again state for the benefit of the *Field*, and also for Lord Dunraven, as he seems to have forgotten it, that the *Vigilant* gave *Valkyrie* a very sound and thorough trouncing on all points of sailing in very light, fairly light, moderately light, and, in fact, every kind of light air known to the sailor-man. The *Vigilant* demonstrated her superiority with equal ease in moderate, fairly strong, and stiffish sailing breezes. The only conditions under which the English boat was "in the race" in the entire series were those stated in this department several times before the races, and which obtained on the last contest, viz., a heavy blow with a nasty sea, so that our British commentator's light-air sermon seems to have lost steerage-way.

THE ARGUMENT PUT FORTH for an extended time limit has too little in it to waste much space upon. A breeze that cannot carry a yacht thirty miles in six hours (our time limit) is not worthy the name, and the contest becomes a drifting match, which is not considered good or even fair sport in this country. In England, I believe, there is no time limit, races lasting into the night, as did the Goelet Cup farce last August, off Newport. There is no question of not only the desirability but necessity of a time limit for interesting racing and good sport, and the six-hour limit is by all odds the best. While it is true that the performances of a boat in light airs bear importantly on her general capability, it is likewise true that there is a point where light air ceases to be a propelling force, and the boat begins to drift. That is the point at which to establish the time limit; and we know from experience that the six hours is that limit on American waters, whatever it may be in the land of Dunraven's nativity.

> "It should be noted that for Wednesday's race the managing committee reluctantly started the yachts, because they thought that they could not get round the course in six hours. Whatever the committee may have thought, we do not consider they had any right to decline to start the vessels, and they should have been especially careful of giving effect to any preconceived ideas in the face of the fact that *Valkyrie's* best, in short, her only, chance of winning a race was in an extremely light wind."

It really is pitiable how hard they try to find something at which to have a fling. There is about as much to this statement as to most of the others. We should have thought Dunraven would have set the *Field* straight on this point; but

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apparently he remains as churlish as he was on the day the signals were flown from the flag-ship *May*. For the *Field's* enlightenment, then, let us say that the committee did not "decline" to start the "vessels"; they were sailor-men enough to see there was not sufficient wind to sail the race within the limit, and they flew the signal asking *Valkyrie* and *Vigilant* if they agreed to postpone until it was seen whether the breeze would freshen, to which both yachts agreed. Later, the conditions continuing the same, with no prospect of wind, the committee signalled for consent to postponement for the day, to which the *Vigilant* assented; but the *Valkyrie* made no reply at all, and the committee started the race.

WE HAVE GIVEN CONSIDERABLE SPACE to this matter, because each race for the *America's* Cup becomes a matter of its history, and we wish every American to know just what were the facts concerning these races. The *Valkyrie* was fairly beaten, and, as I have said before, she was actually not fast enough in all the races but the last to make the contest even interesting. The event was well managed by the New York Yacht Club Committee, and good sportsmanship marked the handling of the series and of the *Vigilant*. Besides C. Oliver Iselin, the Corinthian crew of the *Vigilant* contained Oliver Belmont, August Belmont, Dr. Hopkins, E. A. Willard, Herbert Leeds, and N. C. Thoms.

I cannot leave the subject of our eighth successful defence of the *America's* Cup without commenting on the un-American attitude of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which has lost no opportunity of sneering at the *Vigilant*, while the statements found in its yachting columns were actually pathetic in their ignorance. That the coddling of Englishmen by an American should be made an excuse for maligning the Cup defender is a nauseating exhibition to American sportsmen.

THE HARVARD ELEVEN HAS REACHED that point in its existence from which it will either develop into the greatest team that ever met Yale, or it will go steadily backwards, and only by a supreme dying effort make a showing at Springfield. The game against Brown showed the possibilities of the eleven at its best, and the Andover game showed how loose it can play at its worst. At times the play was brilliant, not individually, but collectively; the interference as perfect as ever seen on Jarvis Field. The defensive play was strong, as a rule, and what gains the Brown men made were principally through Connor, who was taking Newell's place at tackle. There were times, however, when Harvard's men seemed to wander from the game, and needed but a cradle to be rocked into somnolence. At such times Brown forced her way for gains of five, ten, and fifteen yards, and Andover scored a field goal. The fact that these periods of listless play and fumbling would be joined by intervals of hard, snappy work by Harvard, when they had no difficulty in holding their opponents, presents the more ground for criticism. Such careless playing should not be tolerated by the coaches; the eleven must defend its fifty-yard line with just as much determination as the five-yard line. It is no longer a credit to a team to be able to prevent their opponents from gaining the last five yards of ground, for it is through their carelessness and weak playing that the other side has reached that point. If they can stop them on the five-yard line, they could have done so yards before.

IT IS THIS ERRATIC STYLE OF PLAY that makes one fear for Harvard in the big games. The secret of it is that the men on the team do not work until they are forced to. They must be hard pressed before they will put forth their best efforts. There is an air of uncertainty about their whole play that produces a feeling of distrust, and makes it impossible to judge from one day's play what the next is likely to be.

At present many of the men are laid up with injuries of more or less severity, and in consequence the team is somewhat demoralized. Foster, just as he was about to take Fairchild's place at quarter, has been taken ill with pneumonia, and is in the hospital. Waters has a bad knee, but will probably be all right in a few days. Brewer has a weak ankle which needs watching in order to be kept in working condition. Stevenson's youth has at last shown the strain of the hard work he has been given, and he is over-trained. The condition of the other men, while not perfect, is still good enough to be depended upon.

THE ELEVEN IS PRACTICALLY MADE UP, with two exceptions—right end and left half. The fixtures are Emmons, left end; Manahan, tackle; Acton, Lewis, and Mackie in the centre; and Newell on the other side. Emmons has been doing such fine work at his end that he is not very far behind Frank Hallowell at his best. Manahan has improved so much Harvard need fear no weak spot in his vicinity. But of all the improving players, Acton is the most notable. His present form shows what determination and hard work will accomplish. Last year he was an impossibility, but now he is playing so good a game that he is really as good as if not better than Mackie. Harvard will have a strong, active centre. Stevenson's end is the weak spot on the line, and Blanchard (L. S.), who has been playing with the B.A.A., has become a candidate, and ought to fill it in a creditable manner. He is of good weight, understands the game, and has the courage and keen insight which a man should have to play in one of the most important places in the line.

It has seemed to me since Waters began playing half that he could be of much more service to his team up in the line, either at his old place, guard, or, in case Acton became a fixture, at tackle, and I have said as much repeatedly. But in the light of the new system of interference Harvard has recently developed, unquestionably Waters's best place is behind the line, where his activity and weight will make him invaluable. This all goes to prove that we do not know as much sometimes as we think we do, and that Captain Waters knows his own business better than any one else. Brewer, of course, will play full-back, and for the other half-back position there are many candidates. Gouterman is the latest, and one of the fastest, but does not as yet know the position; he runs away from his interference. Hoag is a strong man, but inclined to muff the ball. Gray is all right so long as he lasts. Clark seems the most likely just now.

Harvard's system of throwing a guard back for use in the interference worked well against Brown. It is all right theoretically, but how it will work against an eleven which has men quick enough to break through and stop the interference before it gets started remains to be seen. If it is not stopped, the end rusher's life will be a hard one.

TROUBLE HAS NOW COME AT YALE where it was least anticipated, namely, in the position of guard, and it has been growing steadily until it has assumed serious proportions. McCrea and Hickok, whatever they might have been at the end of last season, are not so good as Wheeler and Taylor or Mackie and Acton at the present date, and the coaches at New Haven are lying awake nights pondering on the situation. It was expected that McCrea would be good enough this year to help out Messler, but so far is he from fulfilling such a hope that Murphy has been transferred over to that side of the line. For Yale sees that it will never do to have Messler and McCrea against Newell and Mackie. It would be much safer to have the slower Messler against a new tackle, if the guards are not able to help him out. Cross is able to be out again, having nearly recovered from his sprained ankle. Upon him it is evident Rhodes's eye is fixed as a most likely guard, and McCrea may be displaced by this giant at almost any time. He is a larger and stronger man, but not aggressive enough in his play. His long period of enforced idleness has had its effect upon his game, for he is green, and hardly up to 'varsity form in knowledge of the play. Beard and Stillman are still fighting it out for the privilege of snapping the ball back in the big games. The former has gone of late into that er-

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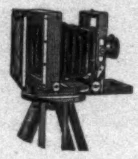

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ratic condition which characterized his play in former years, and there are days when it seems that Stillman from his steadier work is sure to be the final choice. But Stillman is slower than ever since he has had a rest, and his work reminds one of last year, when it was impossible to help commenting severely upon his slowness of play.

Armstrong has begun to be thought about right by the coachers, and rather than run any risks they are giving him a rest. He is to be Yale's star half-back this year, and Hinkey intends to keep him just where he is rather than undertake to improve him on the chance of making him too fine. Hart's sprained ankle at this stage of the struggle, combined with DeWitt's final refusal to come out, makes Thorne almost sure of the other place. The talk in the newspapers relative to Graves and Sanford being taken on to the Yale team is probably part and parcel of that enterprise which announces a fact one day to take it back the next. It is unlikely that Hinkey will consider the use of either of these men, for he is himself very radical upon the subject of an undergraduate team, and in addition is a man who would not in the least mind any amount of criticism, from graduate departments or anywhere else.

Although at present writing there is a cloud between Yale and Pennsylvania as to the eligibility rule, there is no doubt that their game will be played, and with the full strength of Pennsylvania. It is entirely proper that the new rule should go into effect at once, on paper, as a matter of principle, though I fail to see just where it comes in; but there is only one sportsmanlike thing for Yale to do, and that is to play Pennsylvania without challenging any of her team, so far as their eligibility under the new rule is concerned. This season has been an exceedingly distasteful one, with its "politics" and evaded rules. It would hardly become Yale to refuse a game to Pennsylvania because of the latter's nonconformity to the law that Yale was the most diligent in framing, and the first to break after it had been declared operative. Before this is in print, therefore, I expect to see the matter closed.

The Lehigh-Annapolis game gave those who had previously seen Lehigh against West Point two weeks earlier an opportunity of comparing the two cadet teams. There is, in fact, little choice between them, and to-day only a very hard-fought game could decide the question. The defensive play of Annapolis showed a marked improvement on any previous work, but it was more than counterbalanced by their weak running and interference. It was surprising to note the marked contrast in the determination and viciousness of their tackling and blocking, as compared with their attempts to advance the ball. There were some exceptions to this general apathy, notably in the case of Davidson at half-back and Karns at guard. Both these men made their distance whenever called on, and usually fought for it. The most reprehensive feature of Annapolis play, however, was the way the cadet backs allowed their opponents' punts to bound and roll along the ground. Time and again they stood within a yard of the ball, and made no attempt to catch it. Unless this can be remedied in the coming weeks, the West Point full-back will have his navy opponents at his mercy. Individually the cadet ends, McCaulay and McCormack, showed up strong, and can be depended on to do their share of tackling and interference in every play. Bookwalter at quarter-back played a steady game, but was entirely too slow to be effective, and missed many opportunities of tackling the Lehigh backs. Kavanaugh, captain and centre rush, blocked well, and found some good openings, but seemed unable to get in as many plays as was desirable. It will be an interesting and exciting duel between him and Ames, the West Point centre. The other men played rather inferior games, and unless a marked improvement takes place West Point will find easy work in forcing the tackles and guards.

The opening of the horse show next Monday will be watched with particular interest this year, since we are curious to know whether the diminution in entries means a corresponding elevation of quality. We shall hope also to see an improvement in the handling of tickets for the public. Heretofore the speculators have beset the sidewalks in such quantities, and with wares at such high prices, one wondered if the pick of the box-office had been given over to these ticket sharks. The number of special prizes is rather limited this year, and with the exception of E. C. Potter's $100 "for best thoroughbred stallion for getting hunters," and $100 offered anonymously "for best stallion for getting polo ponies, and two of his get," are simply duplicates of the regular prize list. It really looks, and it probably is true, as if the donors cared more to get their name in print than for lending aid in the general work of improving our horses. The hackneys, as usual, receive more than their due in the matter of prizes. The classes are divided, and divided again, until plate or money is offered for a hackney of every shape, condition, and size. If there was anything to be gained especially on all this subdivision, it would be well enough. Strange enough, road tandems have been entirely ignored—a most curious omission of the association—while one donor offers a prize for "best tandem," imposing rather a difficult task upon the judges.

Some excellent provisions have been made in the hunter and saddle classes, though here again the subdivisions are as unending as they are tiresome. Ponies have a greater prominence than ever, and deservedly so. Altogether there are 950 entries—enough in all conscience, if their quality is equally as satisfactory—divided as follows: 8 thoroughbreds, 40 trotters, 47 roadsters, 112 hackneys, 6 coaching-stallions, 118 horses in harness, 96 carriage-horses, 11 horses, carriages, and appointments (in all these classes the hackney figures over and over), 29 tandems (a fine showing), 21 four-in-hands, 37 ponies in harness, 34 ponies under saddle, 36 pony stallions and brood mares, 92 saddle-horses, 115 hunters—74 jumping class (the same horses figure in these three classes)—11 municipal police, 23 park police, and 42 entries for special prizes.

Track athletics are new to New Orleans, though the Young Men's Gymnastic Club, the oldest athletic organization probably in the South, has been prominent at in-door work time out of mind, and counts some of the most skilful gymnasts in the South among its members. The athletic situation, in fact, in New Orleans is just about what it was in New York and the East in 1876, with the difference that there are better models to follow. Little had been accomplished in out-door work until the organization of the Southern Athletic Club, which has a number of college men on its roll, notably the Bayne brothers, ex-Yale athletes, and these with others have set the athletic boom in motion at the Crescent City.

Nor is this all. Very recently the New Orleans Duck-Hunters' Club has been organized, and though unwieldy as to name, its aim is the extremely laudable one of game preservation. An immediate crusade will be instituted against the pot-hunter and all game-law transgressors.

We congratulate Southern sportsmen on the good work begun. One by one these clubs are being formed throughout the country, to the everlasting confusion of the unsportsmanlike and the unprincipled.

The meeting held last Saturday—the first of the Southern Amateur Athletic Union and the second under any auspices in that part of the South—marked an epoch in Southern athletics. Preparations had been made on a scale never before attempted—almost unheard of—and the result surprised the city of sunshine and "to-morrow." The attendance was of the right kind, and so large that spectators fell to wondering why these games had never been attempted before. From every point of view the meeting was a success, even the events following on in a much smoother manner than is usual where experienced officials are few and far between. The performances for a first meeting were good, though it is reasonable to suppose the timing was not exact.

100 yards—Jordy, $10^{1}/_{5}$ sec.; in this event Goodwin was second in $10^{2}/_{5}$; Bering third in $10^{3}/_{5}$. 220 yards—Bering, 23 sec. 16-lb. hammer—Miltenberger, 98 ft. Mile walk—McCann, 9 min. 48 sec. 440 yards bicycle—Abbott, $37^{1}/_{5}$ sec. Running high jump—Jones, 5 ft. $4^{1}/_{2}$ in. Mile run—Verdella, 5 min. $1^{1}/_{5}$ sec. 120 yards hurdle—Randall, 21 sec. Standing broad jump—Miltenberger, 10 ft. 5 in. Running broad jump—Weinecke, 20 ft. Mile bicycle—2 min. 59 sec. 440 yards run—Bering, $52^{3}/_{5}$ sec. 16-lb. shot—Miltenberger, 36 ft. 2 in. Pole vault—Schwartz, Lombard, and Weinecke tied at 10 ft. Five-mile run—Markel, 30 min. $59^{1}/_{5}$ sec. Two-mile bicycle—Hickman, 6 min. $24^{1}/_{5}$ sec. 220 yards hurdle—Weinecke, 29 sec.

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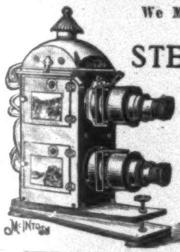

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